

ADAM

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ADVENTURE • SPORT • HUMOUR

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ATOMIC BLONDE

— Page 18

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She's Hollywood's **Sally Forrest**
(to you) but a swing
companion says she's "The
Strip" ... And we quite agree.

LEAD BONUS

A gas round from the car and Plant staggered back.



* By J. W. HEMING

A TRAIL THAT LED THROUGH ROBBERY TO MURDER, WITH DIAMONDS FOR THE BAIT AND NOBODY TO LOSE—BUT THE FALL GUY.

MARSHTON isn't a particularly big city and the night life is hectic only in spots, so a man would never get rich driving an owl taxi. But I had bought the thing and it bothered me to keep me while I spent my days studying law. I'll have to bother you with a very few details about myself. My name is Bill Carroll and my mother died when I was a kid. When my father died, four years ago, I'd grown up to walk over his 24 years. Dad had been a dim-witted drunk and we'd lived well, with a large house on Park Avenue. And when he died he left quite a bit of juice. In money and property it

amounted to about 70,000 smackers—and he left it all to me. But—not right away. He had lived ideas and he thought no place was a responsible man until he passed his 25th year. I'm a bit wishy-washy. So he left me a hundred a year, just to make sure I didn't starve, and I was to get the rest when I reached 25. My 25th birthday was still six months off when this all happened.

Now, no one can ever smoke an owl taxi and look those eyes.

So, after selling some of my things, I spent what money I had on the down-payment of a taxi. For three years I had been plying for hire at

night and giving Blackstone a bush during the day. And that's about all there is to me — except I'm dark, ordinary, five feet ten, and healthy.

I was cruising along Park Crescent when I got a hail. I pulled into the garage. There were three men and a girl. I found out their names later, but for convenience I'll give them to you now. Ben Plant, who gave the orders, was a tall, thin man about 38, with dark eyes which were always flicking from place to place. He had a small mustache, but it had glazed stiff. Chuck Bell was a chunky little man about the same age; with a square face, and straight, unruly,

fair hair. Bill Harrison was about six feet, and solid. Some of it was fat, but he was still bony. His face was with his name. The dame was as smooth as a billiard ball, about twenty-five, blonde, long slender legs, well-dressed. The cigarette hanging from her over-red lips rather concealed her face. Her name was Lola Dean.

"Where to?" I asked.

"You know the Marquis Trust Company on Marquette Road?" asked Plant.

I glanced at my dashboard clock again. "I said, but there'll be no one there at midnight, either."

"The man I have to see will be there," he said. "There's where we're going."

I shifted and let in the clutch. I pulled up before the plane and knocked up the flag.

"Leave the flag down," said Plant, as he opened the back door. "We'll wait for you to drive us home. We won't be long."

"I don't like it," I said. "I've finished my shift, I said."

"Stay in the cab, Lola," he said.

The three men got out and went over to the Trust Building. It was a square place, with a side passage blocked by a gridded gate. I saw one of the men unlock the gate and then the three of them vanished down the

sidewalk, leaving the gate open. They seemed to be skipping very carefully and quietly.

I looked along the business street. It was almost deserted. On one side of the street Building was a church; on the other side some office buildings. Across the road was the Central Bank. All had a deserted look and were far too dark and peaceful for my comfort.

Lola lit another cigarette. I looked down at her crossed legs, then up at the church steeple. She put away her cigarette and folded in her left hand.

For a dame, she didn't talk much. She smoked two more cigarettes, and I gave up worrying and looking at her legs and concentrated on law. It had just got to public policy is the predominant opinion of what men as to what's for the public good when I heard a loud boomed crack. I twisted my head. The sound seemed to come from the Trust Building, which was still dark.

That was enough for me. I leaned forward and twisted the ignition key. The girl could get out later. I was going home.

She twisted suddenly in her seat and jammed something against my side.

"This is a gun, pal," she said. "It is loaded. If you don't want me to

unload it through the window, just let this car stand. Don't leave the engine running. We might have to pull out quickly."

Bell ran out of the sidewalk and across to the car.

"He wanted to leave," said Lola. "I told him no."

Bell opened the door, got into the back of the car, left the door open and drew a gun. I was watching him in the mirror and a street light cast a glow around him. He shaved the gun against the back of my neck.

"Sit pretty, mugs," he said. "And be ready to move fast."

Then there is the sharp, steaming bark of a revolver—once, twice. I turned so hard I nearly knocked myself out again. But then I looked at the Trust Building and saw Plant and Bell come pounding out of the doorway, carrying a small leather bag. A shot sounded behind them. Bell had a gun in his hand. They raced across the footpath and threw themselves into the back of the car. Bell kept the gun on me.

"Get moving, mugs," he yelled. I did moving.

As we pulled out, someone ran from the sidewalk and screamed shots at us. I pressed on the accelerator.

"Swing around into Lancaster St." yelled Plant. "Then down Sewell St. to Boundary Rd. and keep on going along there."

I did as I was told. The pants took us almost in a circle and on to the main road.

"Which way on Boundary?" I called. "Toward the sea?"

"No, right. Toward the Big Smokes."

Bell and Lola still had their guns on me. Bell was leaning out a window, his eye watching to pan passengers. Plant switched through the back window, banging the bag.

WHEN we drove out of town with set aims of pursuit I had time to think again. I had missed at a crucial. Certainly I had been an unwilling witness and the law might take a lenient view of it, but I wasn't worrying about that. The law was never likely to get wise over me—except of a sonorer's ingenuity!

"Great work, driver," said Plant. "You can ease her down to fifty now. We got away so fast they haven't even got started. You better mind this, Lola."

He leaned over and out the bag in Lola's lap. She kept her gun in my ribs.

I eased the bus back to 45 and wondered how I could get out of this still an hour fast. Which led me to wonder how I got into it. Why hadn't these birds just followed the usual procedure and switched a car? There was one consideration. Perhaps none of them could drive. Lots of people can't. And they might not have wanted to bring in a driver and cut the share-out—or perhaps they couldn't find one they could trust. Well, they couldn't drive fast for thoughts.

"How far you want to go?" I asked.

"All the way to the San Servito," said Plant.

"I'm just finished for a 40-mile drive," I told him, while tactfully driving.

"The bus has been averaged for," he said. "Just outside a dump called Split Falls water cooled 10 gallons of gasoline. Split Falls is only six miles out and if you say you haven't enough juice for that I'll have to be

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"He's a tired businessman all right, but not through work . . ."

strict with you. It's not for now. We'll tell you when you come to it."

"I hope you've got a funnel. My tank is a bit tricky and you'll have trouble."

"The trouble's all yours, pal. We don't know anything about cars."

"Which was nice to know."

"Did you get what you were after?"

Lola asked.

"Yes," said Plant. "There was a lot of other stuff there, but we had to let it go. We needed a blue. There are two watchmen. We plugged the tank down hard and he was quiet. Then we went to work on the tank and got into the auto deposit. Where the other joker was all that time I don't know. Perhaps he was off duty. Anyway, he comes in and hears us and starts shouting."

"I wanted him," said Bell.

"We had to take it on the larynx and Plant. I'd already put the eyes in the bag, so I grabbed that second watchman. He had business but it all turned out all right, and we got what we went after. Shove up, driver, we're coming to the spot."

Spirit Falls is only an ordinary sort of Marquette (as Plant had said), but with Marquette, six miles or so out in the country. We hadn't seen a house for the last mile—just scrub and trees. Just as it was true. The village of Spirit Falls is about half a mile from the main road and it is clustered around the railway line. So even here we were out in the bush.

"Pull up" said Plant suddenly, and I pulled up so suddenly they were all jerked forward like to brush their necks.

"Don't do that again, mag," growled Bell. "It's likely to break my truck—forever."

"Pull into the side, near that tall pine," said Plant. "Get down with me. Bell and I, just to see who gets to town. Don't kill him if you can help it. Get down, arrest. What's your name?"

"Bell," I said, opening my door, and ready to run.

"Keep you, Bill," said Plant. "Tell Bell gets there. Keep your gun on him, Lola."

Bell came to my door. "Get out," he said, waving the gun at me. I got out. We stepped back and I shot out with Lola. Lola said across and got out behind me. Bell waved his gun.

"Accept them," he said. "Over the road. Not too far."

I walked slowly across the road, telling myself it was now or never.

"Put out your cigarette, Lola," growled Bell.

"Here, Bell, I—"

"Don't argue. Mag, the stuff is behind that big bush there—the one behind the thick trees. In true Grit—and watch your step. I'm right behind you."

"And so am I," said Lola.

They stopped and stood together, their guns levelled, about a yard from the bush. I knew what I was going to do now. I walked around the bush. I bent and felt underneath it. My hands捕捉到了它。I straightened up, holding it.

"Now bring it," began Bell.

I raised the gun suddenly and heaved it at them. Then dropped

flat. The girl cracked and side-stepped. As a sort of reflex action, Bell fired when he saw the gun almost on him.

It was a silly thing to do. Some one fired another shot. I guessed it was Bell, because the others would not be feeling like target practice.

I had not seriously expected that explosion, so I had hoped something of the sort might happen when the car hit the ground. Or if it burst and sprayed Eddie's cigarette. Eddie had put that out and dashed one of my fingers. Then Bell had supplied the sparks.

I came to the gully and almost rolled down it. But I had played this gully as a kid and I knew every nook of it.

I could hear the gun the column and rattling for me. I hoped Bell and Lola had been burnt to cinders, although I feared they weren't.

The sounds of the pursuit died away and I planned my next move. To start walking back to town was one thing to do, but it would be hard and probably dangerous. The gang might search the roads. About a mile through the bush I would come to Spruce Road and I might get help there, or a phone where I could ring the police to come and get me. Now, who lives on Spruce Road? That wasn't hard to remember, for few people lived over that way. Yes, there was a small farm about a mile back from the road, at the foot of the pine slopes. I had an idea a man named Shaw owned the place. He would surely have a phone. The gang would hardly expect me to go farther away from town, so Shaw's farm seemed the safest bet.

I decided to give the farmer plenty time to get awake. I supposed he was an elderly couple, but both troubling people. The sun came up, and a man and a goat came into view. The goat rounded up a cow and the old man started to chop wood. I decided it was time I called on them, so I straightened my cap and began to move down the hill.

I paused, very abruptly. The farm stood in open country and I had a long view of the rough track leading down from the farm to Spruce Road. And coming up that road were four persons!

I slipped behind a pine tree. If Plant and his friends were going to call on the farmer, who was I to strain his hospitality? I could wait.

The farmer stopped chopping wood and went to meet them. I had an idea. This was my chance. If I could reach my gun before they did I could ride back to town and have the police out here while Plant and Co. were asking questions about me and perhaps eating breakfast.

I made a wide sweep and started on a steady lop through the rough country toward Spruce Road. I had been fired but still dropped off. I had a good few miles to cover, but the sun was not much more than an hour higher when I reached the main road.

There was no bus in sight.

I found a great patch of burnt ground where I had thrown the tin, although there was no sign of it. I crossed to where I'd parked the car. The tyre marks were plain



"Number 17821, Spike Malone, who was to play 'Sugar Blues' on a kick now, is not with us tonight."

in the dust at the side of the road and I followed them until I came to the bus. It was not far. There was no doubt they knew little about driving. It seemed as though they had pushed the bus into the trees and it was hardly hidden from the road.

I got inside and turned her on. Nothing happened. I got out again and lifted the hood. They had known enough to rip out the distributor arm.

When I finished reassembling I decided they wouldn't want to carry the arm with them so may have thrown it somewhere. I began to search under bushes and in the branches of trees. I didn't find it but I did find the bus. It was pushed into the lower branches of a lonely tree. I opened it and looked inside.

Something threw the sunlight back in my face. I knew diamonds when I saw them. These were big and there was a lot of them. I decided it was my turn to play. I'd stopper so I set the bag aside. I continued my search for the money, but had to give up at last in case the going came back.

Where to hide the bag? One place suggested itself straight off. The Pass. I came to The Pass and hid the bag under some rocks. It then struck me that I had done a silly thing.

I should have made for Split Falls while I'd had the chance; but now I was as close to Shaw's farm as to Split Falls. So I made for the farm instead.

I took a good look at the place before I moved in. The farmer was hoing the kitchen garden. The girl came to the back door and brought out a dash of water. There was no sign of my travelling companion. I found out later the farmer's name was Joe Shaw and the girl was his daughter, Pamela.

He looked up from his hoing as I approached the house he went inside. Before he reached the door, he and the girl were standing in it. "This way," said the girl, leading me in a queer way.

She was a blonde, about twenty, curvy, provoking, and freshly pretty. She had the most pair of eyes I've ever seen. But they looked at me with a puzzled expression. She led the way into what was presumably the drawing-room or parlor. She pointed to a wall phone. "Thank you," I said, crossed the room and reached for the receiver. "Don't touch that phone, young feller," said the man's voice and turned to look at him—well, not at him exactly but at the double-barreled shotgun he had aimed at my head!

"It's no good you looking surprised, young feller," the adictor went on. "I know all about you. The police have been here, yes sir, with that young lady you visited off her jewellry and then tried to set on fire. Oh, I know what a good you are! They told me you'd be dressed like a taxi-driver and that your cab had blown down and you'd wants use the phone to get it fixed. And then maybe kill us both to save identification. Oh, I seen the burns on that poor detective—"

He looked like going on for ever, so I hollered in,

How do salmon find...

the way home?

SPARK UP, you ardent Isaac Walton; the mystery may be solved.

Later note indicate that a sharp nose and a long memory may explain the salmon's strange ability to find its way home from the sea. Scientists of Wisconsin University (US) have shown that salmon can easily smell the difference between the waters of two streams, even though the streams are nearly similar in physical character. In other words, salmon can smell their way back to the stream of their birth after three to five years at sea. The US scientists dismissed their evidence that salmon have extremely sharp noses from experiments in specially constructed aquariums. In the experiments, the elevation changed the water and measured sea water without disturbing the fish. In one end of each aquarium was a feeding area, equipped with a light electrical shaker. It didn't take salmon fingers long to learn that water from sea streams means food is available and that water from another stream means that an electrical shock awaits them if they swim into the feeding area. The salmon retained the power to discriminate stream odors for long periods of time, even though the electric testing had been discontinued. Thus—according to the scientists—it appears that relatives in the water (probably coming from vegetation and salts in the sea through which the streams wash) plus each stream in color which salmon can smell, remember and recognize after a long period of non-exposure. US Fisheries experts are now hoping to be able to train salmon so either in picked waters to spawn, bypassing streams on which dams have been built and preventing the overrunning waves which now take place as salmon leap against dams and die before they breed.

"Listen," I said. "They told you a pop. I'm—"

"They told me nothing!" he started again. "I sold them some milk and they paid me no dreamin' their burns. Oh, you're—"

"Give me a moment," I splashed in over his comment. "I was going to ring the Brighton police. Let your daughter get the number. Then you'll hear the story I tell them. These people are thieves and killers. They told you lies—killed to you—"

"No one ever kidded to Joe Shaw, young feller," he grunted on. "I know a crook when I see one. And you're—"

The girl wasn't so sure. She put in her spoke. "If I get the police number, Dad, we can find out. In fact, we'll have to ring the police in any case and—". She stopped, her eyes looking out the window. Her voice dropped, became a little scared. "Here come those people again and they're nearly to the house."

My stomach turned two hand-signals and a double somersault. There I was facing a double-barreled shotgun which could blow me in half and those toughs were coming along—and they had no reason to let me.

"Listen," I rasped. "Don't let them get their hands on me. Put up that gun and let me—"

"Ahe," said Shaw, very knowingly. "So they are police and you're afraid o' been caught. You just wait here and we'll fix you up."

"But they'll kill me!"

"Oh, no, they won't," said the farmer, moving so that his gun could roar from the door to me. "I'll keep this gun on them as well as you."

My gaze fixed agonizingly on the door. From the corner of my eye I saw the girl slip from the other door.

Plant walked in, followed by his company of men. They all looked tired and the bushes had done their clothes no good. And Bull was a sight for tired eyes. Was he ever! His face was blistered and burnt, there were grit patches in his clothes which had been burnt away.

Lolo had also suffered. One arm was bandaged and one leg. Her skin had been burnt away in spots. When they were all in his shell, Shaw spoke.

"Hold up there!" he said. "Just keep still while I explain somethin'. This young feller says yer ain't police but is hefins' me legs. He wants me to ring the police. Well, we're gonna see that. You not say objections?"

Plant spoke to Shaw, but his cold eyes were on me.

"You better put that gun down, master," he said. "The little man who was with us has just napped around the midway and is now pointing a gun at you through the window. Put down your gun or I'll tell him to shoot you."

Shaw's eyes went to the window. So did mine. Bull was there all right, and he had his gun in his hand. At that moment Plant sprang on Shaw and tore the shotgun from his hands. He pushed Shaw against the wall.

"You just stand there, master," he said, "and keep quiet and still. Then you won't get hurt. We've got some business to do."

"We say we have!" said Bull through his teeth.

"Not sudden!" said Lolo. "Let him suffer as I'm suffering. Do him slow."

"Heat the phone first," said Plant. "Do it properly so it can't be tampered. Cut wires can be joined. Take it down and jump on it."

"If you kill me—slow or fast," I said as Bull scrubbed through the



"He handles everything and nothing."

window and made for the phone, "you'll never get your diamonds."

That made them all shudder.

"And what about a driver?" I asked.

"That's what we came back for—a driver," said Plant. "We only just remembered we saw a truck in the shed. Either the Farmer or his daughter must be able to drive. We were going to make them drive us. But what about the diamonds?"

"I gave you come here before," I said, "so I made back to my bus. I found it, with the distributor missing. I searched for it and found the bag of diamonds. I've hidden them some other place. If you think you can find them in this bush you must be the prime suspect."

"Enough, the phone," said Plant, and Bell set about the job, making a mess mess of the instrument. Plant looked at me. "You'll tell us where you hid the rocks."

"You must have me mixed up with someone else," I said.

"Let me work on him, too," said Bell.

He crossed the room and swung a punch. I let it go by.

"Unconscious men tell no tales," I said.

"Give him the hot last," said Lolis. "I got one, so let him have one—and blood!"

"You going to talk, man?" Plant asked me politely.

"Yes," I said. "About anything except diamonds."

"Take off his shoes!" said Plant.

"Check, you watch the farmer."

Bell swung his gun off me and at Shaw, who was still leaning against the wall with his mouth open, his mind trying to about-turn, and finding it hard. Lolis had not drawn a gun, but Plant had the shotgun.

Bell stepped in gleefully, so happy in his work that he moved right in front of Plant. So I let Bell have my knee, hard! He yelled and bent over. I brought up the other knee and it squashed his nose and sent him over backwards. That left me in the open and Plant raised the gun.

"Don't shoot," said a voice from the other door, and Pandas stood

there looking at Plant along the sights of a Winchester!

Bell twisted quickly, bringing his gun with him. She raised her barrel six inches and blasted him off him. He spun and fell against the wall. And then she punched another shell into the breach and my gun went off on Plant before he had time to move his trigger-finger.

I stepped across quickly to his side, reached over and took the shotgun and his revolver. I checked it. It was fully loaded.

"Thanks, pal," I said to Pandas. "You can put up the gun. I'll take over now. Just look in this kid lad's handbag and take out the little revolver. There, also collect that one from the floor near the small room. The big man, sleeping peacefully, should also have one. I'll keep an eye on them and, boy, how I hope they give me a chance to shoot!"

The girl leaned her rifle against the wall and collected the guns. I hope she was used to shooting, because Bell, Lolis and Plant were giving a gash. Pandas put the guns on the sideboard and picked up her rifle again.

"Now some rope, if you've got any," I said. "I want to try out some fence knots. And, as the phone is bashed I'm afraid I'll have to borrow your truck and your services to get these loose to a cage on Marsden."

It took time, but we managed it all right. Joe Shaw took some minutes to get over the shock; but he was helping at the end. It was an open truck and not very clean, so we sat the trussed birds on the gear while Joe and I sat on coconuts near the tailboard. Joe had his shotgun again and I had Plant's revolver. Pandas drove my rifle on the seat beside her. We hadn't ropes. Lolis because of her bent arm, although we had no such badnesses with the unconscious. Bell!

WHILE the roping was going on Pandas had turned on the radio in time for the news, and we learned that the Moshiros Trust had been robbed the night before of \$25,000 worth of diamonds. The announcer

also pointed out that about a month before one of the city papers had carried a story on diamonds and had mentioned the hold in the Trust Building. To show his credulity the reporter had even mentioned the number of the safe deposit box, thus giving some crooks ideas. In some manner the bush hags got keys to the safe gate and side door. They had let themselves in and bashed the watchman—too hard. He was dead. They had gone on with blowing open the slots of the safe deposit and had just got the diamonds when another watchman, who usually spent his supper break with the first watchman, walked in on them. In the resultant gun battle he had been shot in the arm. The killer had escaped in a local taxi, the number and owner of which was known. The police wanted to interview the driver.

Which made it look as though I was wanted!

The Farmer's truck was a 'T' model Ford. It might have been good in '29, but that was a long time ago. Pandas drove it over the road and we reached Springwood with every bullet carried loose. The going was better than that, but not for long. Within half a mile the damn thing spittered and stopped. It wouldn't go again, so Pandas got down to look at the engine. It seemed to puzzle her. She tried a few alterations but could get no life.

"You keep that shotgun on 'em, Dad," I said to Shaw and hopped down to help Pandas.

We got busy on the engine. It was a case. Then suddenly Lolis happened in the truck again. Pandas started to talk to Lolis and had drawn his attention. Then Lolis had drawn her great handgun and crawled over. Shaw almost knocked him cold. Lolis grabbed the shotgun and we joined the two barrels staring us in the face!

I knew this was likely to be strenuous for me. We were close in the trees. I made a flying leap and got among them. I tapped Lolis world fire. The kick would have sent her over the tailboard! But she kept the gun on Pandas and told her to come around to the back of the truck. Pandas' rifle was still on the front seat.

I skinned around through the trees. Pandas' gun in my hand. But I was chicken-hearted about shooting Lolis and I also had to remember that her gun was pointing at Pandas. Shaw was sitting in the bottom of the truck rapping his head.

Lolis got near the tailboard and pulled the two barrels against Pandas' left breast.

"Let my mother free, old 'un," she said over her shoulder, "or I'll blast your cranium to hell."

Still seated, Shaw undid the ropes I had so carefully tied.

"Drop that gun or I'll drop you," I yelled at Lolis.

"I'll be too bad for your little pal if you do," said Lolis.

I knew she was right. Even if it got home a killing shot it wouldn't stop Lolis puffing those triggers. Plant was freed and he stood up and looked toward me. He reached over for the rifle on the front seat.

"Don't touch that!" I stopped.

He strengthened again. "Listen, wug," he said. "If you don't come out of there with your hands up by the time I count five Lolis will pull the triggers and blow the girl to

bits. On five, Lola . . . and I mean it. We've got no more time to mosey about. The hunt must be up. And I want those diamonds. One—two

I had taken quite a fancy to Pam. I owned her something, too, for saving me before. At "Four" I drew Plant's gun as far into the bushes as I could and came out with my hands up.

Lola swung the shotgun toward me, her lips drawn back from her teeth. Plant pushed it up.

"I want those diamonds," he said. "When I've got them, you can do what you like to him."

"Fast should make me tell you," I remarked.

"I've found a way to make you do things," he said. "This girl is the key. If you want her to live, you'll lead us to those rocks. If you want her to die a nasty death with torturing, you'll stay outside. How about it?"

I shuddered. While there was life there was hope.

"I'll show you," I said. "But it's a long way down here, near the main road and I don't think we'll ever get this thing to go again. It's dead."

Plant thought that over. He looked around the road to where it joined a wider road. It was about half-a-mile away and cars could be seen occasionally passing. He looked along Spruce Road.

"We'll catch a car," he said. "Doesn't any traffic ever come along here?"

"Very seldom," said Pam.

"What's that cross-road?"

"Pine Road," I said. "Leads to Beatty Road."

"All right," said Plant. "We'll walk along to there and get a car."

"Bring it back here, Ron," said Bill. "I'm sick."

"So am I," said Bill.

"Get down," said Plant. "We can't waste the time. Help Lola down and she can hold the gun on these others while I get down. You then walk ahead. Lola and I will be right behind you."

So the procession started, with Bill and Chuck bringing up the rear . . . very sad objects.

We reached Pine Road.

"Get behind those bushes," said Plant. "Lola, get well back and keep your gun on them. I need a smaller gun. Where's my gun, man?"

"I threw it into the bushes," I said. "There's some on the side-board at the farm. I'll run back for 'em."

"You've got a lot 'saults' is you," said Plant. "Now keep down, while I watch for a car."

"It might be a police car, Ron," said Bill.

"You think I'm a fool that I don't know a police car when I see it?" snarled Plant. "I'll let you go by until I see one with a lone driver, and it won't be a black car. Right now I keep count. Here comes a car now."

We could hear the hum of it from far off, and it was no police car. Not even that engine. I looked along the road and it came into view. It was a light-blue sedan and the middle-aged driver sat in loose slacks as the bus changed along.

I looked up at the bushes. The

sun was right overhead. It must be lunch-time and I was hungry. But I had my doubts as to whether I would ever eat again.

"Lie flat on the ground," I said softly to Pam and Shaw. They did as they were told.

I HAD a new idea. While attention was focused on the held-up gun, I was going to grab Lola and get that gun if I could. There was no direct danger to Pam now—or not so much.

Plant stepped out into the centre of the road and waved his left hand at the car. There were no other cars in sight. Plant held the Winchester against the neck of his leg. The car pulled up and Plant walked close to the driver. He brought up the rifle.

"Get out!" he said. I was just about to spring for Lola when some surprising things happened. A gun roared from the back of the car and Plant staggered back, the rifle flying into the air. Two heads wearing police caps popped up behind the glass. And they had all Lola's attention.

I made my leap and Lola went rolling at I twisted the gun from her hands. I wasn't gentle and she was hurt. We made some noise and the two copper's in the car opened up on us.

"Hey!" I yelled. "We're on your side!"

Bill and Chuck forgot how sick they were and started to run for the thick timber. Very happily I emptied the two barrels of their legs and they went rolling. The copper's opened up again and the air was full of bursting lead.

"Break it down!" I yelled. "I'm doing your job for you. Get up, Lola, before I beat these barrels over your skull."

Bill and Chuck forgot how sick they were and started to run for the thick timber. Very happily I emptied the two barrels of their legs and they went rolling. The copper's opened up again and the air was full of bursting lead.

"Get behind those bushes," said Plant. "Lola, get well back and keep your gun on them. I need a smaller gun. Where's my gun, man?"

"I threw it into the bushes," I said. "There's some on the side-board at the farm. I'll run back for 'em."

"You've got a lot 'saults' is you," said Plant. "Now keep down, while I watch for a car."

"It might be a police car, Ron," said Bill.

"You think I'm a fool that I don't know a police car when I see it?" snarled Plant. "I'll let you go by until I see one with a lone driver, and it won't be a black car. Right now I keep count. Here comes a car now."

We could hear the hum of it from far off, and it was no police car. Not even that engine. I looked along the road and it came into view. It was a light-blue sedan and the middle-aged driver sat in loose slacks as the bus changed along.

I looked up at the bushes. The

The four of us walked out on to the road and I took the first easy breath for some time. Plant was crumpled up — and he looked as though he wouldn't make it. Blood was spreading out below him.

The copper stepped down, their guns on us.

"The other two are back there," I said. "Their legs full of lead — if they have any legs. They're sorry they picked my car."

"You're the tax-driver that's wanted," said a John,

"And never have I been as happy to see a cop!" I said. "How did you pop up like that?"

"Your car was found this morning, but the diamonds weren't. We saw the car was useless and the Chief worked it out that the rough man would try to steal another car. So he requisitioned a few dozen cars and drivers and we have been touring the roads. Each car had two armed men in the back, crouched down. You did good to help that way and we had just about given up hope that the gang would try to grab our car. But we were always lucky. Have we got the whole gang?"

"Yes," I said. "But I wasn't a full member. My share was to be paid in hot lead."

"You're Carroll, aren't you? And where's the diamonds?"

"I got 'em and had 'em in Spruce Gully." I was happy and full of beans. I had my arm around Pam, as why not? I even tried a joke. "Of course, I'm not sure where I hid those diamonds. I might never find them again."

The copper grinned. "That'll be too bad," he said. "Those diamonds were on your father's collection and stock when he died. He left 'em to you. So it'll be your loss—not ours!"



"... But you're different from all the others, George. But you're different from all the others, Ralph. But you're different from all the others, Thomas. But you're . . ."

Atomic Blonde

RICK'S JOB WAS TO TRAP A GUNMAN INTO DEATH,
IRRESPECTIVE OF A LOVELY TORCH-SINGER
WHO WORE A GUN WITH HER EVENING GOWN



SPECIAL AGENT Rick Myron looked at the body on the morgue slab and felt the heat rise on the back of his neck. It was the stoolie.

What stirred Myron's loyalties was the fact that it was less than two hours since he had left the pigeon's breeding room in the French Quarter, with the information that he would find his man at the Cafe Vieux Carré. And the fact that he had just by a hair raised drawing a berth on the next stoolie himself! The chit of the place struck into him.

The pale object under the white light had a plain mission. Rick Myron was up against an organization, and already they had him spotted. They must have been watching him when he went up to the stoolie's room. The stoolie's death had followed within minutes.

Only quick action with his shoulder-striped Marman had kept Myron alive. Strang had been at the cafe all night—waiting for Myron in the back alley. The knot still throbbed on the back of Myron's crew-cut head, where the soap's first blow had landed. Only an instinctive spasm in falling before the blow landed, at the sound of the footfalls behind him, had lessened its force, and left him conscious enough to wing his armbuster. And conscious enough to recognise the great form of Strang, who escaped after.

That little trap had been poor enough that he was spotted. Coming here to the morgue had been only a matter of climbing the final stone evidence.

There was only one answer now—not Strang before Strang got him.

Myron thought swiftly. He couldn't go back to his own room—not now. And Strang would have disappeared again into the labyrinth of New Orleans' French Quarter, bleeding from the Magnum slug in his arm. The best chance was to go back to the cafe where the trap was still set. In a public place, he'd be out of their reach for the moment. And he might uncover something.

He turned to the morgue attendant and said, "Okay, Sammey, thanks. You can cover him up now."

The shocked older drew the sheet back over the body. Rick My-

ron enjoyed a macabre joke: "Don't close up, Sammey. You may have a busy night."

Then he went outside and waited down a cab. This was one time when walking might not be a healthful form of exercise.

Rick Myron dropped down the steps into the smoky atmosphere of the nightclub. The place was crowded with a mixture of jitter-happy college kids, French Quarter characters, a few tourists with money to spend, and the associated hangers-on who lived off them.

The thing to do was to pass himself as one of the crowd. Let one of the bouncers hook on to him, then do some talking.

He found a table which had just been vacated near the bandstand, and sat down.

It was the voice that hit him. It was low and tawdry, cooingly on key but with a suppressed throat that gave the words of the song an intensity of meaning that the songwriter had never put into them. The kind of voice that would shatter your memory—and into your blood.

Rick started to surprise. It wasn't often you heard a canary like this in a basement dive.

The sight of the girl struck Rick like a physical shock. She was standing directly facing him, only a few feet away. The spotlight that held her caught Rick at its edge. She was holding her hands out in a posture of appeal, a tawny cascade of hair falling down over her shoulders, big clear, delicate features touched with a sultry smile. Her gown was a golden sheath that matched her hair and framed her body with grace.

Rick stared. His eyes unexpectedly met the girl's, and Rick felt an electric charge flow between them. The girl's eyes suddenly went wide, and he knew she had also felt it. Then her eyelids closed down again, as she masked her emotions. She waited abruptly noisy, and finished her song without coming near Rick again. Then the spotlight faded off and the girl disappeared from sight.

He dashed his whole body and dived for the girl. Her 38 went off wildly...

* By HUMPHREY JONES





Moving
Please

"We moved."

The voice was on the microphone, saying, "That was Sheila Down, folks. If you liked that, stick around. She'll be back with more of the same."

Rick sat back and lit a cigarette. He inhaled deeply, relaxing. He had just realized that he had been sitting on the edge of his chair.

A REDHEAD, who had been talking to the hatchet girl when he came in, drifted up to the table.

"You all alone, hondeone?"

"I was," Rick's gaze went over her. A little frown, a little hard and fixed, brightened up with too much pain. The girl studied consciousness and sat down.

"I could use a drink," the girl said.

Rick signalled a waiter and the redhead ordered a highball. Rick decided to play the college-boy act. Give him an excuse for inquisitiveness.

"Good segue here," he said. "The real blues."

The girl laughed, somewhat stridently. "Yeah. That's right. But you don't look like my repeat to me. What great."

Rick gave her the boyish grin again—set a repeat. Making a study of it. Doing some white-wash. I really like sets, though."

The girl cocked an eyebrow at him wistfully. "Wish-ups, eh?" She laughed again. "Say, I could tell you enough about those mannequins to write a book."

"Fine. That's what I'm after."

"Well, buy me another drink."

Rick flagged down the waiter again. He went off to get the order. The girl leaned forward, her elbows on the table and smiling slowly, hugging to herself some private knowledge. "Yes, sir. You could write a book."

The waiter came back, his tray empty. He leaned over and whispered in the redhead's ear. She looked up at Rick, startled, and said, "Excuse me—I gotta see somebody."

Rick cursed inwardly as the girl got up and headed for a table at the side of the room. He saw her stop beside a scrawny, thick-set torpedo in a dinner-jacket, who stood up and spoke to her angrily, his narrow eyes flinching toward Rick. Rick saw the girl's mouth drop open. Then she turned away. The torpedo sat down and stared nervously across the intervening tables at Rick.

Rick felt the ball in his spine again. The torpedo obviously was one of Strong's men.

Of course, Rick knew, he could step to the phone at any moment and call the city cops. A square one could be waiting to pick him up the instant he stepped out the front door. But that was out. Rick wanted to play his own way.

Indeed, the place was just beginning to get really interesting. Sheila Down was back on the floor, meeting another hocky-hallied, and this time she wasn't heading Rick's table. Apparently she had had time to think about that moment when

Rick's eyes and hers had met—and decided that electricity was a good thing. She came sweeping close, and now stood before him. Honestly, she was singing straight at him.

Rick's pulse stepped up a beat. He let his gaze wander with hers. She relaxed his look. A warm feeling spread inside him, and he turned on the boyish smile—this time without inhibition. Sheila Down finished a phrase and paused, and a smile touched her lips. It was a shy smile. Then she went on with the song, and turned away, finally.

Rick's emotions rocked him. Sheila Down—she was a nice, sweet lad. The basal glamour was no more a real part of her than the gown she wore. Singing to her had not been so hot, he was sure. She would have picked one of the mob, one-night boudoirs for that. Instead, she had picked a clean-cut guy she just liked the looks of—and Rick knew instinctively she wouldn't like the looks of many.

This time, instead of going to a dressing room when she finished singing, she sat down at an empty table beside the headband.

Rick got up and went over to her. She looked up, still half-smiling.

"A drink?"

"Thanks. I'd like one."

Rick set down. "You haven't seen her long, have you?"

"How did you know? No, I was an organist, and played piano sometimes in a band. But somebody dictated I had other talents, and I needed the money, so—"

"So here you are. That's fine," Rick said. "That's wonderful."

Sheila Down looked down at her fingers. "I'm glad you liked me—still the half-smile."

Rick waited till she looked up again, then said quietly, "Not bad, I do."

The waiter came and took their order. Rick glanced around and saw the heavy-set torpedos still watching him. From other parts of the room, he could sense other eyes on him. But Sheila Down apparently was not part of the setup. The waiter was impulsive when he brought the drinks, and departed quickly.

Rick sat and drank with her. But at his back, he still felt the tension in the place, none was aware of the customers beginning to thin out. The eight spot would be closing before long, and he still had to think of something.

"Going to stay again?" he asked.

"One more number."

Rick said a word out.

"I'll take you home, if you like. If we left with the mob, the road wouldn't try any rough stuff."

"No," Sheila Down said. "Wait for me." It was an ample adieu.

From the back seat of the cab, Rick could see the car selling them. It was black, a late-model sedan that didn't look like small-time stuff.

But then Strong had never been small-time. Not when he was pinching narcotics, not when he had shot it out with a small army of Feds and beaten them. Even in prison, he had been top dog. Three other cars had been rattled in the break—but Strong had made it. Even now, hustled like a rat, Strong was a power in his own world.

The cab drew up in front of an apartment house on a tree-lined street. Rick helped Sheila out and paid the driver. Sheila said, "Come in for a while." The invitation was silent, insidious.

In the apartment, a small, tastefully decorated flat on the third floor front, Rick went to the window and looked out while Sheila took off her coat. The sofa had drawn up on the opposite side. Rick could make out the shapes of four men sitting inside, waiting.

Rick found himself getting the jitters. If there was a back exit, that would be covered, too. He was stuck here. His heart jolted just that his charm would help working. Luckily with Sheila, he wouldn't have to put on an act.

Sheila had gone into the little kitchen, and came out with a couple of drinks she had mixed. She handed one to him. "A nightcap."

Rick took the glass. Then he reached out and took the other one from her hand. He set them down on the table of his knees. Sheila stood looking at him, her lips parted. Rick stepped forward and crushed them under his.

There was a ringing in Rick's blood, and then they broke apart. For another moment they clung to each other desperately.

All at once, the reaction hit Rick. All the day's furious activity, the tension, the beating in the alley, left him extremely weak and exhausted. He felt his knees buckle slightly under him.

Sheila sensed it. "Oh—you're tired!"

Rick nodded. "Yeah. Sort of. I'll be okay in a minute."

She led him to a divan and made him stretch out. Then she sat by him while she loosened his tie and brushed his fingers over his hair. Rick let himself relax completely for the first time that day.

He let his eyelids drop, and through the softness of the room, watched Sheila's face burn over with heat, her hair falling loose on each side.

"It's funny," Sheila said. "I don't even know your name."

He thought it over for a minute. For some reason, he wanted her to know his real one. He didn't see how it could do any harm.

"Rick—Rick Myron."

"Rick," she murmured. She leaned over and put her face against his. Rick was stirred. He had never met a girl so lacking in coquetry or pretense.

He touched her hair. The knowledge of the man waiting outside was like a bad memory, something in another world. He let his eyelids drop the rest of the way, and fell into blackness.

RICK felt the sunlight hot on his eyelids, and opened them. He looked around, groggy. It took him a few seconds to realize he was still in Sheila Dawn's apartment. He sat up. Sheila had removed her shoes and drawn a blanket over him. He cast the blanket aside. He cast his eyes on, and his gun was untouched.

From the small kitchen came a sound of glass rattling, and he heard Sheila humming to herself. Then she came out, carrying a tray with a coffee pot and cups. She was wearing a flowered house dress and looked like a schoolgirl again.

"Well, good morning, darby. I was just going to wake you. Coffee?"

Rick grinned sheepishly, and searched for his sleeves. He found them and put them on. He brushed his hair straight with his hand, and took the steaming cup she held out to him.

While he drank it, he managed to glance out the window. The sedan was gone. He looked at his watch. Past nine o'clock. The boys outside had decided daylight wasn't good for them, he judged.

Rick smiled an apology. "Thanks for your hospitality. I guess I was treated out last night. But I can't stay."

Sheila stuck out a lower lip. "Oh—I was hoping to adopt you."

Rick was worried. He didn't have time to waste. "No fooling—", not to shave. He felt a pang of guilt when he realized he might have gotten in deeper with this girl than was good for either of them. If she was in love, it might be with a man stated to be engaged for a boy instead of a wedding suit. And himself—love was poison to a man playing hide-and-seek with a gang of cutters. Butting could last things up worse than a woman on his mind.

He didn't know if he could keep Sheila off his mind—but at least he could let her out of it. He put on his hat and went to the door.

"Do you have to go?"

"If everything goes right, I'll see you at the club one of these nights. I can't tell you any more."

She came close to him. He caught her to him for a long minute, then turned and shut the door behind him. He went out feeling shaken. A man in his job had no business even thinking about women. It was going to make it tougher.



"I saved you \$20 today!"

He left the building the front way. Better for his plans if he was seen now. He walked quickly to the end of the block and turned the corner. Then he stepped back around and into the door of the drugstore that was there. He went inside. There was a window from which he could see the porch of the apartment he had just come down. There were no signs of the men or their car. But he knew a bunch they were still somewhere around, and if they were, he wanted to know about it. And he wanted Sheila safe.

He waited for ten minutes before he saw what he was looking for. The black sedan rolled up to where it had been parked before. He guessed they had been waiting the special-neck entrance from another building. He felt a hot wave of anger rising in him. If they had any ideas about bothered Sheila . . .

A big man stepped out of the back seat of the car and started across the street. Rick poised that one glove hand loose. The coat was truly at the side, as if he carried one arm bandaged to his body.

It was Strong! Strong himself. The escaped killer, the fed-killer.

Rick knew he was heading for Sheila's apartment. He probably thought he could force the girl to tell where Rick had gone. But she didn't know. Rick broke into a sweat when he thought what Strong might do to her.

At the same time, he felt an exultance riding in him. Strong was here, right in his group. He could grab him now.

He stepped back to the phone booths in the rear of the store. He got the city police chief on the line and ordered a squad car or two sent to cover him and nail the mobsters outside. He was going in after Strong himself.

Hanging up the phone, he headed for the back entrance. On the street, he flagged a cab and got in, sitting back in the seat. He had the driver pull up in front of the apartment building. Then, his hat pulled down and the cab between him and the sedan across the street, he got out and went inside the building. He was indoors before the cab pulled away.

He knew the men had not gotten a look at him.

One of them might take a notion in close on him, though. He had to move fast. He headed for the elevator and ran it up to the third floor. There he left it with the door jammed open. Anyone following him would waste minutes over that.

He ran to the door of Sheila's apartment and tried it. It was locked, automatically stuck on by the Magnum into his hand, and forced his shoulder. Then he threw his weight against the door.

It broke inward with a splintering crash, and Rick's implements carried him stumbling into the room. In front of him saw Sheila staring up with a white face at Strong's huge figure looming over her.

"All right, Strong," he barked. "This is it. Get away from the girl and let your hand in the air. Don't try anything, because there'll be a squad car full of cops outside in about two seconds. And don't try to warn your men or I'll blast you."

Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Sheila backing away. She was obviously scared. He could imagine what Strong had been saying to her.

Strong faced him, his big features full of hate. "Well—let's the G-boy. You've got the drop on me copper, but don't think you're gonna get me back behind bars so easy."

Rick let him talk. He was waiting for the sound of that sound gun pulling up outside. "Just don't try anything, Strong. Because this time, I won't wrong you. They catch us to shoot straight, you know."

Sheila had backed clear out of the line of fire now, and Rick breathed easier.

Strong said, "I'm not through yet—you'll find that out."

Zack said, "The game's up, Strong." Sheila was leaning against a doorway. Suddenly, her voice cut in, low and husky. "Oh, no, it isn't G-boy! Deep your gun, and not your own hands in the air!"

Rick made a half-turn toward her and stared. From out of the dresser drawer Sheila had snatched a black .38 revolver, its barrel as ugly and deadly as a copperhead's. She had it pointed straight at Rick.

For a second, shock and surprise held Rick rigid. Then he started to lower his gun arm.

But instead of dropping the gun, he ducked his whole body and made a dive for the gal. She did went off wildly. Then Rick was grasping for her legs. If he could pull her down between him and Strong . . . It was as though a bucket of ice water had washed all feeling for her out of him.

There was a crackling explosion in the direction of Strong, and then ten bullet hit him like a mule kick. It knocked him down onto his side, away from the girl. He struggled to get his gun up, to shoot back at Strong.

The world went into a spin, and Rick was hanging at a ton of lead. It pulled him down, down, spinning him to a bottomless whirlpool . . .

THERE was a time of delirium. A time of fever and wild dreams. Dreams in which the face of Sheila Down floated, now gleaming like the face of an angel, now twisted and changed into the mask of a wretched hell. And finally there was a time when Rick's senses returned to him and he dimly became aware of his real surroundings.

The first time he consciously opened his eyes, he saw that Sheila Down was more than a dream. She was there, with him. She was leaning over him, bathed in the glow of a candle light. As he looked up, she met his glance, and then turned away.

Rick's head whirled. First the girl makes a play for him, then she pulls a gun on him and gets him shot, then he wakes up to find her nursing him. He didn't know whether he wanted to pull her into his arms, or strangle her.

He started to roll onto his side, then groaned. His torso was taped up, and he felt as if he had a hole in his big enough to drag a cat through.

He lay back, and stared at Sheila Down, staring around the room. The whole thing didn't make sense. Sheila had on a pair of riding pants, and a man's shirt.

Rick examined the interior and discovered they were in a cabin. There was a pineboard floor, with a few rugs scattered around, and some rustic furniture. There were electric bulbs in the lamps, but outside he could hear the chugging of a power generator. He could hear water flowing, and trees swamp sounds. He decided they were in a fishing shack, somewhere in the bayous. He saw a primitive field telephone on the table, and wondered where it led to. Nowhere that could do him any good, he decided. Besides, it set a portable battery radio. Shortwave, for birds.

Altogether, it looked like a pretty well provided little setup. Strong's place, more than likely. But in that case, what was he doing here-alive?

Sheila came back, with more damp cloths. Rick caught her wrist and held her, as she started to put one on. "All right, baby," he said. "Give. Wasn't it all about 'What're we doing here'?"

She let him hold her. "I didn't want you to do it," she said. "So I brought you here."

Rick gave a creaking laugh. " Didn't want me to die? When you just did your best to get me killed?"

Is hard exercise... good for middle-age?

NO... much as it may stress health faddists... it isn't. Middle-aged and old people want keep their systems within the dwindling capacity of their hearts and bloodcirculations. Their bodies could do with more oxygen, but to get it by really vigorous exercise is more than their bodies can stand. Is there any way out of this dilemma? Well, "The British Medical Journal" suggests one. Take exercise in your bath, in its absence. After all, a man weighing 100 stone weighs only 100 when immersed in water. This is why muscular movements under water use up much less energy and involve much less strain on the pumping and circulation system. Experiments have shown that exertion in a bath can lead to just as high a consumption of oxygen as vigorous exercise on the road. On the road, however, particularly in the case of older people, the blood race; the pulse quickens a good deal; on the other hand, exercise in the bath can cause just as great an increased consumption of oxygen, with only a slight increase in pulse rate and no rise in the blood pressure. Indeed the blood pressure may fall.



"Oh, George! It's smaller than I'd hoped for, but larger than I'd expected!"

"I couldn't help that," Sheila said. Rick could have sworn she looked as innocent as a baby. "You see, I didn't have any idea—before—that you were a G-men. Not until my father told me."

Warning lights burst over Rick. "Your father?"

"Yes. My real name's Sheila Strong. Now do you understand?"

Rick slowly closed his mouth. Yeah, that did make sense. That explained why Strong was hanging around the *Vista Carrot*. And why Sheila might have needed money, all of a sudden. Rick felt a quick sense of shame for the girl. She and the old man must have been pretty close.

Sheila went on. "You can see why I had to help him get away. I couldn't stand the thought of him going back to spend the rest of his life in prison. He's got so few years left..."

Rick loosened his grip on her wrist, and added by crushing her hand in his own.

"Sure. But you know he's a criminal? He'll have to go back. They'll catch him—or kill him."

"I know. But he's the only father I've got."

"What happened at the experiment?"

"The squad car came just as Dad was getting away. He and his men shot it out with them. Two of the police were killed. I'm sorry about that."

"He's hiding out, here in the swamp, too!"

Sheila nodded. "But they won't find him."

Suddenly, Rick knew where that field telephone went to. Another cabin, across the bayou—probably a hunting cabin, stocked with shotguns and more lethal armory. A dangerous place to jump. Strong and his mob, the ones that were in as deep as he was, would be holed up there.

His own part in this still wasn't clear to him.

"And just to make sure they won't find him, you brought me here, right?" He was bitter again, now. "The cops are probably squatting all around the bayou. But if they come in, you finish me off, is that it?"

Sheila looked shocked. To Rick, the expression seemed genuine. "Oh, no! No, Rick, I want you alive!" She put her head on his chest, easily so as not to hurt him.

"When my father got away from the experiment, he left you there on the floor. I had to get away, too because I'd been telling him... I was guilty of that. But the police were after Dad, and I had time to get out, see. I thought you were, myself. Dad and the others don't know anything about it."

"Rick, I saved your life. I took you to a doctor I know, and he got the bullet out. Then I took care of you. You would have died if I hadn't."

"Why didn't you let me? I'm a G-men!"

Sheila moaned and gripped Rick with her arms. "Oh, Rick, please forget about all this—our argument. Let the others do what they have to. Neither of us can do anything more, now. Not until the whole thing is over. Then we—you and I—will go somewhere. Like as if it had never happened."

What Sheila said rang true. There was little either of them could do to change the outcome now. Rick felt a wave of hunger for her rushing over him. After all, he couldn't blame her for her father's crimes. And her loyalty to him was a thing Rick could not but admire. He reached and took a handful of her hair in his clenched fist. Then he pulled her mouth to his...

"Yes," Rick said. "I think we could do that."

AFTER a few hours, Rick found that he could get up and walk around, though every breath he took was like breathing flame.

Inside him, steeper than the pain of the wound, was a vast sense of relief and happiness. He'd be going back on his oath he'd have to retrace the steps of his wife ahead with this. But Sheila was worth it. And it wasn't wrong. People got caught up in circumstances—they couldn't always help the things that happened.

Sheila started singing as she went about the cabin. Every once in a while the thought of her father,



"Mosquitoes, ants, flies, hornets, cows . . . there can't be anything else!"

holed up like a hunted animal at bay, hit her and she sobered. But her own happiness burst through. She danced around Rock and held up her arms to be kissed, again and again.

Still, time began to drag. Out in the swamp, the silence was oppressive. It became dark, and there was no sound of life anywhere around them. Rock switched on the portable radio.

A newscaster's voice poured from the speaker, smooth and measured. "Police have sealed off all roads going to or from the bayou. They are convinced that Big Jim Strong and his men are in there somewhere. For three days they have waited patiently for *Waving* to crack and come out of his own accord. But word is received that if Strong has not given himself up by dawn tomorrow, the entire force will start through the swamp, cutting every backwater, every name of trees. It is known that Strong's men are armed, but the Governor has said that criminals of his stamp cannot be allowed to roam at large. Even though good men must risk their lives, Big Jim Strong must be captured. The Governor said—"

Rock stopped the radio set. The Governor was a damned fool. He wanted those two city cops and had gotten themselves killed—dragging in all the local law in the area. Strong's men would kill twice their number before they gave up.

But that, Rock realized, was hot talk. It had been he who had called the second one. It was his fault those cops died.

"Sheila," he said.

She came close to him. "Yes?"

Rock held her away. "It's no good. Your scheme. I can't buy it."

Sheila's face went white. "Why? Rock, why?"

"You heard the radio. That guy said a hundred cops are going to start through here in the morning. Your dad's got guns. Some of those men'll be killed. Sheila. And two have already been killed."

"Rock!" Sheila cried. "There's nothing you can do!"

"Yes, there is. I can bust out Strong myself. Maybe I can get the drop on him. That's a long chance. If not, if there are any shots, the police will be given away, and the cops can pinpoint the place."

Sheila relaxed slightly, though her face was still anguished. "You'll never be able to find them, Rock. You'll wander around in the swamp all night. No. Stay here, Rock." Her voice was a plea.

"I can find them," he said. "That field telephone. My guess is the wire leads straight to where your dad is hiding out. All I have to do is follow it."

Sheila spun around and stared at the television as though it were a burning cattail. Rock could tell by her expression that he had hit home.

Rock went to the wall and took down a shotgun which hung there on pegs. There were shells, and he picked them up and shaved a couple into the breech.

"So, goodbye, Sheila." He started toward the door, the shotgun almost too heavy for his weakened body to carry.

Sheila suddenly darted to where the 25 voltmeter lay on a table. She grabbed it and whirled on him, once more covering him with it.

"Don't step into that door. If you do, this time I'll shoot straight," she gasped like a wildcat, as though she were torn out of her. Rock continued toward the door.

"And draw all the cops in three countries," he said. "Remember, they can trace that telephone wire as easily as I could. Easter."

For a moment, Sheila looked astounded. Then the answer occurred to her.

"Then what's to stop me packing up the phone? I can call, and they could get here and blow you to pieces before you get a hundred

feet. Crouching down in the brush, Rock peered silently across the narrow channel. He looked for the phones wire, and could see it strung across from one side of the channel to the other, an tree. Big Strong was over there; he was within power shot-shun range — either way. Luckily, it was dark enough to give him a chance.

Rock crept down the beach toward the landing, trying to keep in the deeper shadows. Once arrived at the landing, he got down and crawled along it toward the boat at the other end, trying to keep low, making his move later, getting into the boat and putting it started before they spotted him was his only chance.

He reached the end of the foot and leaped over. The boat scraped painfully against the logs where it was tied. He eased forward and started to inch over the edge.

Just then, there was a gathering roar right beneath him. The boat's motor had started!

Rock drew back involuntarily in surprise. Suddenly, from the other side of the channel, a couple of searchlights sprung to life. They swept over the water and focused on the small boat.

At the same instant, a figure stood up in the boat, exposed itself to the big glass. Light passed over the dash. Rock saw that it was Sheila, draped in the riding pants, and her hair pulled up under a man's hat.

From across the water, a terrapin opened up. Rock saw Sheila's body jump as the shell hit 1600 feet. Then she crawled into the bottom of the boat.

The searchlights cut off, and Rick heard engines starting up across the channel. A pair of boats came passing out into the clear. Then Rock saw a huge bulk leaning in the prow of one. Strong.

Rock gripped the shotgun and said, "Strikes!"

Big Jim Strong turned, swinging the terrapin upward. Rock fired. The shotgun blast took Strong full in the chest. He toppled slowly, and fell into the water with a splash. He floated there.

The other men in the boats moved nervously. Rock stood up and swung the shotgun over them.

Then he heard the siren of the police boats. In half a minute, the State patrol had swum in.

Rock had got Sheila's shattered body up on to the boat, and kept down by her, holding her head up with his arms.

"Sheila — you crazy kid!" he whispered. "What were you doing?"

She found his hand, and somehow managed a smile.

"I'm always saving your life — aren't I, Rock?"

"Sighs!" He couldn't think of anything to say. "Why? Why did you?" "It's all right. My father was a wrong guy. You were a right one, that's why. I was a wrong one, too. But not saying things straight before. So it's all right. I just — I just wish things could have been different, Rock."

Her body slumped in his arms and became a lifeless weight. As he held her like that, Rock Myron found himself, too, wishing desperately that things could have been different.

Well, grammarians...

what is "polydactylyis"?

No, you're wrong; it isn't what you think it is at all. "Polydactylyis" is the word used to indicate that any person possesses an abnormal number of fingers and toes. Perhaps one of the most startling examples was discovered in a Georgia (USA) family in 1965. The mother (who had 12 fingers) had inherited this condition from her father and had interpreted it as five of her eight children. At the time, these six members of the family had 13 additional normal digits which consisted of eleven fingers and seven toes. And the range was from one extra toe on the oldest son (three aged 15) to two extra toes and three extra fingers on the youngest daughter (five-year-old).

yards. And they'd get away before any cops got near here."

Rock knew she had him. If Strong came looking for him, he wouldn't have a ghost's chance of coming out alive. He couldn't wreck the phone because he knew she would use the answering machine if he tried it.

The two dead cops starded him. "All right, use the phone. But tell Strong I'll get him if I can."

He stepped through the door and outside. He headed for the brush and planted it. Through the open door, he could see her picking up the phone.

Rock soon saw why Sheila was so sure Strong could nail him. The cabin was on an island. It would take a boat to get off it. But he worked his way around the rim of the island for half an hour before he was convinced there was only one opening—the one near the cabin. He had hoped he could get away on land, but he was forced to return to where the boat was, a small power launch — was tied up.

In the time he had spent exploring, Strong could have gotten a dozen boats through the swamp to the river.

FUGITIVE ON HELL ISLAND

* By ROBERT C. DENNIS

THE MAN WITH THE GUN ADVISED—"WHY PAY FOR WHAT'S NOT YOURS? THERE'S A TIME TO TALK. MAYBE IT'S NOW."

THE street descended on the river, and Gaynor had stepped off into a muddy, unpaved road before he realized it. Through the mud that was more than half fog he saw a ridiculous garment of light somewhere on the far shore. That got the mad idea a little to the teeth, Gaynor resolved. He moved back on to the bank and stared with hooded eyes the length of the deserted waterfront street. Except for a tavern in the middle of the block the single town seemed to have come to life.

Gaynor shivered deep within himself. There was no defense against this slow crumbling of his originally tortured optimism. There was only torture, helpless anger. But he'd be all right when he got back to the bright lights.

Impatiently, his eyes searched the desolate street for a sign of Cooney. No sound, no movement. Gaynor's aware futility. Hunching a little, he walked rapidly toward the tavern. If the little smoke had ought smolder from the rain it would have to be there. The pooling tellers on the window read, "Nick's."

Gaynor hollered just inside the door, letting the smell of stale beer fill his nostrils. In the dimly light of the room he examined the customers, two pipe-smoking old men in overcoats, playing cards or one of the back games. But no Cooney.

Then Gaynor glanced at the bartender. He was the biggest man Gaynor had ever seen. Standing at least six-foot he was built in proportion, muscular in the shoulders and stomach, a massive head, and hands that could have crushed the bottle of beer he held. Gaynor pegged his weight on the far side of three hundred.

"Beer," Gaynor ordered, resting his elbows on the bar.

The big man silently set up a bottle and glass. Gaynor drank from the bottle, he thought it more antiseptic. The glass looked as if it had not been washed recently.

"How do I get to the Island?" Gaynor asked abruptly, grating his voice so only the bartender would hear it.

"Worry. In the morning."

"Tonight," Gaynor said.

The bartender looked at him phonetically. "Not tonight. The ferry runs in Canada. No customs after seven o'clock. No worry."

"Any rowhousers too?"

The bartender tapped up his bottle, let both the condensation run down his throat. "In the morning," he said again. "Nobody goes out to the Island at night. Nolans' got some rundown farms over there."

"The weather showed up the boat," Gaynor explained. "I should have been here two hours ago."

The big man and nothing. He brought up a bottle of whisky from under the bar, and two clean glasses. He glanced at Gaynor briefly, poured out two shots. His mammoth hand concealed the label on the bottle. He put the bottle out of sight again.

"With the fog out of your soul?" he said, nodding.

Gaynor picked up his glass. It smell okay, so he drank. The big man watched him. "What is the next bus through here, comin'?"

"In the morning," Nick said once more, patiently.

Gaynor nodded, backed away from the bar. The man's impatience aggravated the frustration in his chest. He couldn't leave without Edgerian. He'd have to make that early bus or blow up inside. Damn Cooney!

OUTSIDE a wave splashed through the puddles on the muddy road, tossing a sheet of water at Gaynor's legs. He waited till it had turned the corner toward the center of town, then he crossed the road and slid down the greasy embankment. From there it was less than six feet to the edge of the river.

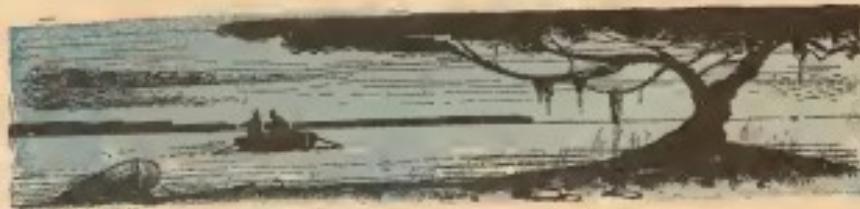
The Island would be upstream of the town, Gaynor reasoned, north of the parrick of light on the Canadian side. He worked his way along the shore, till he came to a small home-made dock jutting out into the river, and beyond that a boathouse.

The door was locked on the inside. Gaynor edged out on the narrow dock till he could see the other end of the boathouse. There the double doors seemed slightly ajar.

Daggedy he sat down on the dock, removed his shoes and socks and rolled up his trousers. The icy water seared his ankles. His feet went knee-deep, around the corner of the boathouse. A long iron cylinder was fitted on to the sloping ramp for rolling a boat inside. Gaynor stepped over the roller, crowding the double doors back.

There was no boat. With the doors left open, there wouldn't be, Gaynor thought. He felt his way forward toward the locked door. He didn't want any more waiting. His head cracked into something sharp and immovable, knocking his hat off and battering his temple. He reached up, running his hands along the

The tiny gas did out of Gaynor's dreams. He had no shoes. He tried to Edgerian's shoulder. His feet ached and again,





smooth curved bottom of a canoe sailing from the low reeds.

"Ah," Gaynor breathed, and stumbled out his lighter. In the wavering flame he considered his find. It was no prize. Spruce in the middle, at the waterline, was a jagged raft large enough to fit his head. In any event there were no paddles.

Gaynor bent to recover his hat. He faced that way, discovered over.

The man lay on his side, face to the wall. His head had been there some time, for the shorts were damped but not quite wet. Scrutinizing Gaynor, he turned him over on his back.

In the lighter flame, blood glistened on the chest, high up. A knife had been used and it had broken off. The handle was missing, but the blade was there, wedged between two of Cooney's ribs. The little stache was quite dead.

Gaynor snapped off his lighter. The whole deck was burning in seams. Edgerion would fight no body long, forever lost. The man was boxed and his desperation showed up the extremity of his plight. They had found him a hideaway, but that was all. The rest was his. Caught, he would stand it alone from here on; it was Edgerion's bower. Among the hills below, Gaynor thought with mixed rage. Now I'll begin to pay him.

Gaynor found his hat and went out the way he had come. The water wasn't cold any longer. He put on his trousers now. A hundred feet further on through thelapping might he come to another jutting dock, this one complete with boat. A jagged rock mowed the boat to a stony piling. Gaynor tested the rock. A rock might do it. Held just resounding with one when the base of a branch sprang over him.

Behind the flashlight a girl's voice said, "What do you think you're doing there?"

"I was going to borrow your boat," Gaynor admitted.

"To go ashore, I suppose?"

"No," Gaynor said steadily. "To go over to the island."

"Tonight?" Uncertainly crept under the crisp unresonances of her voice. "There's nothing over there." She gestured with a hand that glinted in the wavering glow of the flashlight. "Walk ahead of me toward the house."

It was just a little gun. A woman's gun. But all guns were made to kill.

GAYNOR entered an unlighted screened porch and halted there. It was an ordinary summer cottage, latticed up for cold weather. "What are you going to do?" he asked.

"Call it now," she said, staying warily on a distance.

"I'm the law."

She paled over that. "I don't believe it," she said finally.

Gaynor undid the belt of his trenchcoat, the girl keeping an alert watch. He took out his bullet, showed his credentials.

"Specs," she read, frowning her brows. "What are you doing here? Why do you want to go to the island?"

Gaynor didn't answer.

"If you've killed the truth I'll send you our boat," she persisted.

"So far, you aren't very convincing."

Gaynor had to be on that seven o'clock last. "There's a man hiding out over there. He's wanted in the city. I'm going to arrest him."

"Why does?" she demanded. "What has he done?"

She had not asked who. It might be significant and it might not. Gaynor simply noticed things like that. "He's one of the contractors constructing that new freeway across town."

"I know," she interrupted. "They seem them working on it. It will cost ten million dollars, they say."

Gaynor said in a tired voice. "When it is finished, it'll be a nine-million-dollar job. Maybe eight. Edgerion knows where the difference will go."

"Imagine me to row?" Gaynor asked.

"Just try not to fall overboard," she said.

to get a look at her. Under her determined visagefulness, she was quite young. Her noselet might have been broken from a college football game, she wore next white rubber boots. A bright handkerchief was tied over yellow hair. Not twenty, Gaynor thought.

Along, Gaynor plucked up the punt from the lake. It was very small and compact and the safety catch was off. She knew that much. And she was young enough to have been nervous. Glibly, he put the gun into his pocket.

When the girl returned, he followed her silently down the slippery path to the boat. A long way away, a boat whistle frayed against the confining fog.

"Imagine me to row?" Gaynor asked.

"Just try not to fall overboard," she said.

SHE rowed with deft, experienced strokes, angling a little upstream, compensating for the steady sweep of the current. The Island stood indistinguishable against the inky blackness of the Canadian shore. There were no lights. She said, without naming a head of her own.

"How are you going to find this man?" There were at least five forms over there?

"There'll be a postbox," Gaynor said. "That might help."

"Everybody will be asleep," she persisted. "It's after eleven. People go to bed early here."

"I know," Gaynor said suddenly. "I grew up in a small town." Not really; he hadn't grown up, he'd just grown a few years older. At ten he'd planned to run away. At sixteen he still tried to knock out of him. They'd done a job on him in those six years; his uncle, mostly, but the whole town too.

The gulls were still there, indeed. Now he had to be on that seven o'clock hunt.

The tip-off was a rowboat anchored on the narrow shore. It was the only one. The girl paddled silently in close. The drooping trees growing almost to the water's edge hung above them, evil with darkness. A pain twisted back through the trees, and in their depths a pale light flickered in a window.

Gaynor said, "Stay here. If there's any trouble get out fast. Don't wait for me."

She didn't reply. When he was halfway to the house he sensed that she was following, but he didn't go back.

The light was in the kitchen. Gaynor could make out two men and a scuttling woman playing cards on the kitchen table. A kerosene lamp shed an inadequate yellow glow on the worn edition. Gaynor looked out his gun.

Then he remembered the girl's tiny weapon. For a moment he considered it small—when he held it off, he said—but down the left sleeve of his trenchcoat until it was held by the cuff. By breaking his thumb in the heel of the cuff he could feel the hard outline against his ribs. He didn't expect real trouble but he was always ready. He would live longer that way.

Cooney had not been ready.

The back door was unlocked. Gaynor stepped inside so quietly that they didn't hear him till they saw him. He stopped motionless in the spec-

Can you read character...

by bumps on the head?

NO, you certainly cannot. The belief that you can determine character by the bumps on the skull is as ancient as it is untrue.

Some of the world's greatest geniuses have had odd brains, and some of the most mediocre individuals have had large ones. Similarly, the terms "hook" and "low brow" and "the bumps of knowledge" are based on the ancient assumption that a man's skull covers his brain like a death mask, judges where the brain halts. Nothing could be more false. It may be a comforting thought that our peculiar cranial protrusions are evidence of excessive grey matter . . . but the theory is as lying as anything that Aristotle ever thought up.

"He's stealing all that money?" Even in the darkness of the porch he saw her eyes were wide, "Two million dollars!"

"Not Edgerion. The people behind him. There're a lot of subcontractors on the job and most of the companies are dishonest. The same man pulls the strings on them. Edgerion's outfit cut the material—a little less fine on the weakest they're building. It's all sand. A heavy piece of equipment crushed through and killed two men. We investigated. Edgerion skipped a month ago."

She studied the gun in her hand as if she had never seen it before. "That's the case, why don't you go after the people behind Edgerion?"

"If we got Edgerion, we might get some of the bigger fish. If he'd talk when the time comes we might catch Keneddy's wings a little. Not too much, but a little."

"Keneddy?" the girl asked. "Hansell Keneddy—at the City Hall?" She put the gun down on a table, as if she were suddenly afraid of it. Then moved the house, a woman called out, "Anna, what is it?"

"Just a minute, Anna," To Gaynor she said. "I'll row you over. Wait." When she opened the door, enough light spilled out for Gaynor



"I don't remember saying good-night."



"That's the very house where I met Tommy . . . and sure enough, there's Tommy."

of a second, letting them see the gun in his hand. The soft whisper of the dripping countryside was the substance of the silence in that dimly-lit kitchen.

"With a punch, Edgerton," Gaynor said, his gaze moving over clasped hands. "Don't make it tough for yourself."

Very carefully Edgerton put both hands on top of the table. His eyes gazed from side to side, fixed on Gaynor. Except for his shifting eyes he might have resembled a plump little school teacher.

"What for, copper?"

"The freeway business," Gaynor said smugly. "It isn't yours. Was paid for it. There's a time to talk. Maybe it's now."

"Yes," Edgerton said, his eyes alight now, his voice amorous. "It's time to talk of many things—of shores—and ships—and sealing wax—of castles—and kings. Take your chance, copper."

"I'll take the longs," Gaynor said. "One named Kenfield."

"Right name high." His eyes were bright. "Very high. You won't lose anything. It's Kenfield we want."

There was a noise at the door. Gaynor looked around carefully. The girl stood there, wide-eyed, the handkerchief pushed back off her yellow hair. Edgerton came slowly to his feet.

"Anne—" his eyes shifted sideways across at Gaynor. "I brought him over," she said, "he made accusations against my

father. I had to know the truth. Is my father swindling the city on the freeway?"

Gaynor could read the weary mood written out on his face. "The girl couldn't; she was too young, too innocent. Tell me the truth. Is he?"

"No, Anne," Edgerton said, softly. "It isn't true. They're trying to frame your daddy for political reasons. Some of our workers are corrupt. They tried to use it to get to Russell."

"You speak a pretty piece," Gaynor said. "Maybe the king will buy you at an air-conditioned cell for a couple of years." He didn't look at Anne Kenfield. Someone had had to string details of Edgerton's stay on the island. Kenfield's daughter had been the one. It got a sour coating on Gaynor's palate.

There was still Cooley. Edgerton would break on that. But not here, where he could glorify his loyalty in front of Kenfield's daughter.

GAYNOR ratched Edgerton over from the table. The farmer and his wife looked on with scared, dull eyes while Gaynor fished his quarry for a weapon. No gun; no knife.

"There's a big ol' seven," he said.

"Well, be it so!" He pushed Edgerton to the door.

The man went so far, then stopped. Gaynor nudged him with the gun. Edgerton stepped backwards into the gun, squeezing it there. Over his shoulder, Shuck, the big bartender,

made a target in the doorway that Gaynor could have hit blindfold if the gun had been free. The bartender had an overcoat, old-fashioned horse pistol in his hand. On him it didn't look so large.

"No trouble, master," he said, reasonably. "Too many people could get hurt."

One of the overcoated old men from the tavern scurried around behind Gaynor and snatched at the gun. Gaynor let it go. The big man was right. Too many people could get hurt!

The farmer's wife was sobbing. Anna Kenfield had backed into a corner, very young and unsure.

"I tried to tell you, master," the big man admitted just. "In the morning, I kept telling you. You should have listened."

"Put a tag on it, champ," Gaynor said unkindly. "What can you do for Kerfield?"

"The name is Nick Jasenna, master," the big man said him. "But sharp too, I guess," he conceded. "Maybe we all are one time or another. You've met Miss Kenfield hasn't?"

Gaynor kept his gaze away from the girl. "We've met," he agreed. "She gave me a boat ride." His tone was bitter.

Anna Kenfield made a slight protesting noise, a little girl sound.

"Does her father own you, too?" Gaynor demanded.

"Nobody owns me, master," Nick Jasenna said. "Independent, that's how I am. When I need protection, I do it myself. Like now."

"What kind of protection?" Gaynor said impatiently.

"I got to get what I pay for," he said. "Mr. Edgerton has nine hundred dollars of suee. A man has a right to expect something for nine hundred dollars, hasn't he?"

Gaynor's nose crooked the point. "What?"

"Whisky," Jasenna stated. "Good Canadian whisky. Nine hundred dollars worth."

"I haven't got it," Edgerton said quickly. "I've already paid for the stuff. I was going to bring it to town tonight."

"You are," Jasenna gripped his huge hands. "He can't be two places."

"He'll be on the seven o'clock bus," Gaynor put in flatly.

Jasenna's big face wore a faint expression. Not tonight. In the morning, maybe. Things will look brighter for everybody in the morning.

If there's any way we can get out of town sooner than seven, Gaynor's voice was implausible.

"Well, be it so!" A little rattle of anger passed through him. "You're crying about nine hundred dollars. The taxpayers in the city stand to drop a million or two."

Jasenna looked unimpressed. "There ain't much difference anyway. I lose my money, everything goes." He measured at his great, shapeless body. "What can I do with that—crow under cover?" These hands, will they handle a pick and shovel? Anybody need a three hundred and twenty pound chick? No, master, the taxpayers can afford it better. Let the p—"

Ed Gaynor said coldly. "Who pays for murder?"

THE walls of the room caught the words and echoed them back into the shrill, shrill shrieks of sound. Then the voice of the man pushed into the foreground. Anna Kenfield's gasp, and the thin woman's frightened cry, dived into the space. Edgerton's face was sickly white. His legs seemed to go rubbery. He sat down in his chair with a little crash.

The giant farmer shook himself. "We ain't havin' no part of murder. We don't know nothing."

"Mother is a wicked calling," Jesus said sweetly. "Who would you be makin'?"

"The little man," Gaynor said mockingly. "He was in your joint early tonight. I seen 'em late. You used as yourself. Edgerton got to him first. You gave me some good Canadian whisky because you knew I was going to need it."

"Not for that," Jesus denied. "I didn't know it was murder. I thought he was playing both sides of the street. When he first come asking his questions two-there day ago I pegged him for a stoolie. I dialed the cops and paid off for the tip and he was trying to get another cut from Edgerton here. I park a few pennies off Canadian Bazaar, but I don't hold with murder, either. I won't stand at your way."

It dropped a mark on Edgerton. The man lunged off his chair, aiming his charge at the old man holding Gaynor's gun. He made it. Somebody had taken on his nose. Just like with Cooney. The bullet was too brief for interference. From the way the old man crooked up as the gun was writhed from his hand, must have snapped. Edgerton had the run; he laughed.

"That caron of yours won't shoot, Nick. I saw it lying around your back room office enough to know."

"We ain't us that," the farmer's wife cried. "He's just a bordon. We didn't know he was smugglin' those nights he was out with the boat. He tol' us he liked to roote poltry out loud and wanted to be alone. We don't know nuthin' else."

Edgerton chuckled again, hopped up with his victory. He recited in his sing-song voice. "Sigh no more, ladies. Sigh no more. Men were deceivers ever. One foot in sun and one on shore. To one thing constant never." He couldn't control his bubbling laughter. It trickled out with his words. "Blushing whisky was a little out of my line, but it was better than just sitting around. Made a little money, too!"

Gaynor looked at Anna Kenfield. Her eyes were ice hot, too dark for her pastored white face. She was very young to have to learn that the world was a wicked place. But Gaynor had been younger.

Edgerton followed his glances. "You old man makes mistakes, too. That stoolie followed your accent, not mine. Somebody else should have been sent."

He turned on Gaynor. "Tonight won't be nearly as it looked. The body would be in the river now except the stamp-jumper was waiting for me right outside the boathouse. That crooked that neck."

"Gaynor said, "Geronathy has to pay for it. If you call the turn on

Kenfield, you might beat the chace."

Edgerton laughed harshly, triumphantly. "When I blow this town there won't be a post for your stoolie. Kenfield—I want him where he is now. He's worth a lot to me. For what is worth in anything. But so much money as 'twell bring."

He sat it off, his voice hardening. The schoolteacher look had vanished. "My clothes are upstairs. I'll take Anna up with me. Any trouble, she goes first. You wouldn't like that, would you, copper?" Such a pretty girl! You'd get sweet on her if you had the nerve, wouldn't you? It shows all over your face!"

Maybe a woman could bugs up what others had worn down Gaynor thought. Maybe a man could be sure of himself if he was impressed to someone else. That could do it.

EDGERTON advanced toward her. Once he got her in front of him it would be all over. The tiny gun and out of Gaynor's sleeve. He had no choice. He tried for Edgerton's shoulder.

The gun was too light. Edgerton shot it in the chest, but it didn't have enough force behind it. He swung Gaynor's blazer, heavier gun around, ready to throw lead all over the kitchen. Too many people were going to get hurt!

Gaynor fired again. This, as Edgerton still held his feet, he went a little wild, pulling the trigger frantically, emptying every shot into the man's body. The last one caught him in the throat. He was dead before he slumped to the dirty kitchen floor.

Gaynor's reason came back. There was no regret in him for the killing. The knife blade still in Cooney's body explained that. It was simply the fulfillment of its always the same man. To the big bartender he said proudly, "I think he was just playing for support. Four hundred is still on him. Help yourself."

His eyes on the dead man, Nick Jansen crossed himself. "I don't rob the dead, militer. If it's coming to me, let the cops stand at back." He turned and fled outside. The overeasted old man, staggering after him, still nursing his broken finger.

Gaynor turned to look at the girl. Her father was clear now. There was no one to testify against him. Maybe that was the price Gaynor had to pay for what he wanted from her. She came slowly out of her corner. "Where are the things?" "Just his clothes," mouthed the farmer. "Upstairs. We'll turn 'em over to the constable tomorrow."

She held her face rigid against emotion, but it was grown-up, adult now. "The audience with the books," she said steadily. "You won't blackmail my father if that's what you're hoping. Go and sit them."

The farmer went suddenly out of the room.

She turned to Gaynor. "I saw them when I rowed him over here a month ago. All of the company records. Edgerton was expected to burn them, I suppose. They incriminate my father—he was cancer to see that."

Gaynor said nothing; he waited. "He adopted me when I was a baby." She was crying soundlessly.

but only the tears sliding down her set white face betrayed her. "He's just like my own father—nobody knows how good he was to me."

She'd had that much. Gaynor thought. That was the difference. Gaynor's uncle had news stopped regarding the demand on him. He'd done a job in those six years. A psychologist might have made something from the compassion that had brought Gaynor to the police force.

The farmer came in with the out-case of records, slumping it

casually on the clothed-covered table,

his eyes were murderous with frustration.

Gaynor didn't look around. "Why?" he asked the shirt. "Why?"

"I have no choice," she said firmly. "To be guilty, too. Inside." I gave my father everything else, except that. But a person's responsible for his own soul."

Gaynor put a big flat hand on her shoulder. She jerked away from him. "Don't touch me. You've got what you want, isn't that enough? It's a job well done. Take it and go away from here. Use the other hand. I'll get home."

Gaynor stared for a moment at the thin young back. Dimly he guessed that even in this spot was helping him. Some of his burning fire against injustice and inequality began to die. Russell Kenfield was a symbol, like Gaynor's uncle had been, of tyranny. By inciting the one from his throne it would compensate in part for the cruelty of the other. But Edgerton was right: longs come high. Gaynor picked up the suitcase, and walked out into the the drumming night.

The rest that he would have to do hung still. He was responsible for his own soul. He began to run. He wouldn't wait for the bus, somebody would give him a ride. When morning came he'd be a long way away and everything would be brighter than he knew it would.

"In the morning," he repeated steadily. The words jarringly cut unevenly. "Sun, in the morning . . ."



"That's what I forgotten bolt for the door hinge!"



THEY REALLY RIDE SHANKS' PONY

The twenty-six miles of the Olympic Marathon has produced a fine crop of characters—and a fine crop of stories about them as well.

SPORT • FACT

★ BY FRANK BROWNE

THE twenty-six odd miles of the Marathon distance have produced more unusual stories and more characters than any other event in the Olympic calendar. Perhaps that's because in the first place you have to have a little bit of acrobatics about you to want to seriously think about you to want to know your fool running that far.

It takes a fearsome quantity of stamina, considerate worn legs that won't cramp, plus speed, if the fate of the Great Marathon is to be preserved. This was Phocasgates, who came from the little village of Marathon to Athens with the news of the Persian defeat at 490 B.C. and said as he shouted "Behmen, we conquer!"

The story of the 1896 Marathon needs like a fairy tale. A shepherd, Spanker Louies, a visionary, and (truth to tell, in the minds of his

friends) a little off the beam but a tireless runner, entered the race as a sort of religious duty rather than in a desire to achieve athletic glory. He now claimed running home at the head of the field and recreating the glories that were Greece.

By the time that the Marathon, the last event of the second Olympic Games, was due for decision, it was apparent that something was needed to revive Greek athletic glory. The hosts at Athens did not sing or look like winners, an event. The Marathon was the last hope.

Down from the hills in long procession and a mournful wail, came Louies. As the cold wind to the mask he told the center that he wanted to run, it was as easy as that. There were no relay teams at the Athens Games in 1896. You merely put your

name in and there you were. Which was just as well for Spandau, who was a little bit light on the reading and writing front.

Away they went. Frenchman Lemarque west with the lead, where he stayed for half the distance. Through villages after villages, along a route patrolled by Greek cavalry, they went, sources from various points dashed on horseback to the Stadium at Athens to announce progress.

There was nothing about the peasant ripters to make the Greeks happy. In fact, there was much driving under the seats for bottles of beer to keep up the spirits when at eight miles it was announced that Arthur Eddes (of America) had taken the lead.

Then, with seven miles to go, Spandau Louis went to the front. The roar that this brought was probably heard across the sea in Asia Minor.

After a while a sticky, wet frame trudged through the entrance to the Stadium and commenced the final sprint of the track. The stout prince of Greece—Prince George and Prince Constantine—left the royal box and, amid hours of patriotic fervor, trotted one on either side of the winner to the finish line.

Greece went mad. Louis was offered free meals and free harlots for life—and no doubt the choice of many other pleasures. He refused them all and headed back for the hills.

But the Marathons had unquestionably won the glamour event at Athens.

At Paris in 1900 the whole Games was something of a shambolic and the Marathon produced more than its share of both perversity and anguish.

It was won by a Frenchman, one Michel Testa, who was a Turner boy. It was claimed that his gait had been developed by dexterously breaching at top speed through the pools and canals of the Persian fahourga.

After he won some of the dimpled competitors reckoned that his victory was less due to his stamina than the fact that his local knowledge of the course enabled him to cut the corners and run slightly less than the distance travelled by others.

Be that as it may, he was a cheery soul who probably felt (with Gallic logic) that a corner or two between friends wasn't worth worry-ing about.

At St. Louis in 1904 one of the greatest characters that the Games have ever seen made his appearance in the race. He was a Cuban named Felix Coquelin.

Felix, a postman from Havana, had heard vaguely of the Games as he pounded up hills. There is no record that he had ever run in a race before but he decided to be up under in St. Louis when the roll was called ... and that was that.

The fact that he hadn't enough money to get out of Havana didn't deter him. He started a one-man drive for funds, which might be worth some consideration by the Australian Olympic authorities, who always seem to be short of finance.

He first of all announced his intention to his fellow-postmen and began running a sort of weekly pool as the result of the local cock-fights. His next move was to recruit his position as postman. He went to Havana's city area, where to attract attention he ran around and around the square. He then mounted a postbox and appealed loudly for funds. He finally got enough in this way to pay his fare to St. Louis.

First stop on the journey was New Orleans, town of romance and gambling. Felix got into a dice game, in which his misguided but earnest attempts to increase his capital were finally broken.

So he started out to walk, run or hitch-hike to St. Louis. He eventually arrived, his clothes in rags and without the proverbial cracker in his pocket to provide food and shelter.

Sixty of the United States said

He jogged along tirelessly and actually finished fourth.

There seems little doubt that had he been properly trained, he would have won—and won easily.

Only fourteen starters finished the course. Of those who didn't, one collapsed eight miles from the finish and nearly died of toxomachia of the stomach, at the roadside.

There was excitement at the finish of the race. Fred Lorz, one of the American athletes, was sooted with creeps about just miles from the finish. He decided to quit and was offered a lift in one of the semi-tangled autos that were following the runners. The car broke down about five miles from the finish. Lorz—according to himself, to keep warm—started to run. He ran until the sprint, where it was concluded that he had completed the course. He was accorded a great ovation.

He claimed that everybody knew that he was out of the race and that he was only having a joke. But it led to him being banned for life by the American Athletic Union.

At London in 1908, the Marathon produced yet another series of sensations. Run from Windsor Castle to Shepherd's Bush, there were seventy-five entries. Long before the race there was trouble. Canada had entered an Indian, Tom Longboat, and the US had protested on the grounds that he was a per. There was little doubt that he was a pro, but he was allowed to start. Marathon (and on the second last day of an Olympic festival) that became known as "The Battle of Shepherd's Bush," because of the number of disputes, which started even before the Games started and became steadily worse as they progressed, very nearly brought officials as well as competitors to battle-fields.

This is how it happened. H. J. Morris, of South Africa, favorable for the event, led until almost in sight of the Stadium Then, Dorazio Picti, of Italy, who in private life lived on the Isle of Capri, running in white shorts and red knicker-bockers, passed him.

Picti was running on just about full steam. He staggered into the Stadium, turned in the wrong direction, and collapsed on the track. There were shouts of "Give him a hand!" and other shouts of warning that any and all would disqualify him. Van Vliet, who thought that a South African (probably a Boer) was running second, and being very anti-British as a result of earlier squabbles, was yelling for somebody to help Picti along to the tape.

Then they discovered that Van Hayes, was really near in line, and shouted "Leave him be there."

Amidst great excitement and confusion, some British officials helped Picti to his feet and turned him in the right direction. He staggered, took a few steps and fell again. Four times he was lifted, four times he fell, until he was half-carried through the tape.

Though his gamesness excited great sympathy, he had to be disqualified. But his feat was recog-

What do you mean by . . .

heart sense?

JUST ask. Have a heart check. The heart of yours. Suddenly bursts of excessive exercise—or too little exercise and too much idleness—won't do it any good. Instead, exercise regularly . . . eat in the open air when possible. Avoid high temper and nervous tension, especially if you are over 40. They can bring on high blood pressure . . . a major cause of heart disease. Check with your doctor on heartlessness, "palpitations," irregular heartbeat, vague "indigestion" pains, diarrhea, swollen feet and ankles or constant fatigue. Even with heart trouble you can live a full and long life if you stay away and content. And remember these are cases people worried about having a bad heart than there are people with heart disease.

games team took him under their wing and provided him with food and a bed.

He went to the starting mark—to oppose thirty highly-trained athletes, in heavy boots, long padded trousers and a shirt with long sleeves. On the start, Martin Sheridan, crack US shotputter, and one of his friends, stripped off the trousers at the knees, and unbuttoned the shirt sleeves to some semblance of a running vest.

Off they went. It was a shockingly hot day, and within a few miles, the southern heat started to tell on some of the competitors. Not on Picti. He cracked jokes with the spectators, and picked apples along the way and ate them. He grabbed two peaches from somebody in an official car and ran away with them, laughing loudly.

sized by Queen Alexandra, of England, who presented him with a special cup, worth twenty times as much as the Olympic medal.

AT Stockholm in 1912 the Marathon also had its big incident. It was won by Keith McArthur, a big mounted trooper from South Africa, and the first really big man (6'2 and 14 stone) ever to win the Marathon. He defeated another South African, Charlie Gobelow. The pair had taken the lead together and jogged along talking, until the Stadium was in sight.

Afterwards, it was said that they had agreed to run no farther and become co-champions for the title, but when the spectators strained their eyes to see who had entered the Stadium first, it was McArthur, out on his own. He trotted the last two laps... to win an easy victory. Then came Gobelow—in a violent rage. He claimed that he stopped for a drink of water and that McArthur, instead of waiting, had gone on to the finish the last few laps to victory. The two men nearly came to blows over it.

The 1920 Marathon at Antwerp was chiefly remarkable for the way in which Francis Kojeljanski, hero of the distance events at Stockholm Games, ran away from his field to win in record time.

In 1924, another Finn, Albin Stannroos—a 40-year-old—was also a starter in the Paris Marathon. Kojeljanski, surely the best Marathon runner in the world on lines, was expected to retain his title by leading home the 38 competitors.

Stannroos had an interesting history. He had been a prominent amateur wrestler, who had turned to running a few years before. He had been

The rainbow has . . .

how many colors?

OKAY, you escape from the halls (and attire) of learning, the answer in the physics book is "seven". But imagine. When you look (without bias or influence) at the sunlight spectrum, do you really find seven colours? No, you don't! On rough estimate alone, you will distinguish about seven colour-regions (red/orange; yellow/green; and violet/blue). If you peer more intently, you may distinguish five primary colour bands, yellow, green, blue and violet. These bars, of course, as sharp borders between them, then run gradually into one another. A much closer investigation as your eyes may add orange, yellow-orange, blue-green and dark blue as intermediate shades—six all told. Then how comes the seven. Well, the entire data book some 300 years. The originator was Isaac Newton. When publishing his book, "Opticks", Newton distinguished as many as seven colours. He wrote: "The spectrum showed itself colored, red at the one end, violet at the other; between them the colors yellow, green and blue." Later on, however, Newton tried to bring the spectrum-colour-bars agreement with the keynotes of the musical scale. The figure 7 was then considered closest "July"; it had been held as of the greatest importance by medieval astrologers and alchemists (Gothic), it seems, from the reasoning that as there were 7 planets, 7 basic metals and so on. Newton, therefore, seems to have determined that there must also be seven colours. And that's why seven was given for the number of colours in the rainbow... a half-truth which exists even into our own day.

dugged by bad luck—and a fractured leg in 1915, in a race fall, should have terminated his running career.

But he saddled up again. In his next 11th, he was a second-match race saluteman; perhaps he had to run a lot in his job. Anyway, he made short work of the big field to win with six minutes in hand.

In 1932 at Amsterdam, the Marathon attracted no fewer than 15 runners. There were just Ray, of America, Yamada, of Japan, and Mikkelsen, of Finland, all great runners, and another ten or fifteen whose names were freely mentioned as likely winners. One not mentioned as a possibility, was a nearly-black, fuzzy-haired Algerian, called El Ourh. A little man, he was running for France. His early history had been colorful. He had served in the 1914-18 war, and later was in the French Army of Occupation on the Rhine. Still later, he had fought in the Moroccan wars against Abd-el-Krim, as a cavalry rider. For the two years previous to the Games, he had been working as a mucky marcher in Paris. There was little to recommend him as a runner, and France had selected him on the basis of his paying his own fare to Amsterdam.

The reporters filtering back to the Stadium never mentioned him. He wasn't in the first fifty when half the journey had been covered nor in the first twenty at sixteen miles.

But the reports from the twenty-five mile mark had him up with the leaders, who had been Yamada, Ray and Mikkelsen.

He ran to the front half a mile from home and went away on his own. He won by 26 seconds, finished at front as a dandy and could have apparently run another Marathon without rest.

The man who ran second was also a genuine no-hoper. This was little Miguel Plaza, a Santiago newsboy. Miguel had finished even faster than the winner. He hadn't been in the hunt with a mile to go, but cut down man after man, until he filled second place well on his own. He



Let's go in and join wedding cake fair for the back of it!

was so overjoyed that he grabbed a Chilean flag and ran another circuit of the track, without most of the way.

There was plenty of attention attached to the Marathon at Los Angeles in 1932. First, the hot favorite, none other than the aging but apparently inexhaustible Paavo Nurmi, never got to the post. He was declared a protestant by the Organizing Committee before the Games started.

Another runner also had trouble getting to the mark. This was Zabala, of Argentina. Before the Games started there was a revolt in the Argentine team and some of them were still home. Zabala was nominated to go home also, but refused.

Zabala made no secret of the fact that he believed that the title would be his.

He set off when the gun cracked, and within five miles had run nearly 200 yards clear of the rest of the field. He maintained his advantage to the 15-mile peg, but here Virtanen, of Finland, made a run and passed him going out to a lead of nearly a minute. At twenty miles Wright, of England, running to a place took the lead. Zabala was now third.

At this point Zabala began to crowd on pace. He got into second place and then to the lead at twenty-three miles. Since Fermi, of England, began to go after him.

For the last two and a quarter miles it was a great struggle and Zabala was a bare forty yards in the lead as he came through the tunnel into the Stadium. Close behind Fermi were Toivoens and Wright. For the

first time in Olympic history the first four men in the Marathon were in the Stadium at the same time! Zabala, as the point of collapse, held Fermi off to win by five seconds. Both men were nearly a minute under the existing Olympic record. Toivoens also broke the record and Wright was just outside it.

Zabala was in the field again at Berlin in 1936. He was favored to win it, but the British were pretty confident that Harper, their best distance man, would do it. Harper, a 23-year-old Sheffield man, was a really good runner who could go all day. Nobody knew much about two Kenyans running for Japan called Kitei-Son and Shbury-Son.

The little brown men had not yet made up to speed but had spent a couple of months in Berlin running around the roads, with particular attention to the Marathon course, which they travelled nearly every day.

In the days before the race Harper decided that, barring Kitei-Son, he would win the race.

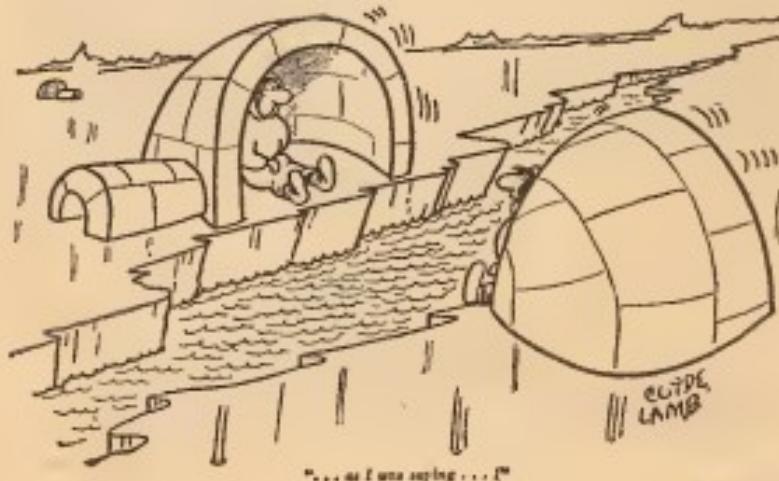
Off they went on a blinding Berlin Sunday, and Zabala ran straight to the lead. He set a terrible pace, and with half the journey gone was still there. Behind him, running side by side, and occasionally having a word to say to each other, were Harper and Son. Zabala showed signs of cracking, massing the underneath marks, and at twenty miles he threw up the sponge. Harper tried to go with Son, but his feet, which had been blistering from the ten-mile mark, became worse.

Son shook him off and went on to defeat him by nearly two minutes, although the Britisher had the satisfaction of breaking the Olympic record, too.

IN 1948 the Marathon produced one of the greatest drama in its history. Also one of the biggest upsets. One of the favorites for the race was Stepane Gally, an expatriate from Belgium. For seventeen miles he led the pack and was then displaced by a little Karen, Yam-Chih-Cone. Gally got the lead back at twenty-five miles.

The Belgian was first into the Stadium. Those who had seen Donaldo Paster forty years before claimed that of the two the Italian had been the least disinterested. Gally, limping, bent over with stick and his face contorted with pain, was out on his feet. He began to stumble around the track for the final lap. But right behind him was another figure, this one running with controlled grace and obviously the man who would win. His appearance had everybody searching their programmes. It was discovered that he was running for Argentina, but who was he? It turned out to be a man named Caliches. He raced past the tired Gally and went on to win. Poor Gally, scarcely knowing where he was, was out of second place by Toshie Rachida, a Welshman, before he reached over the finish line to collapse in a heap. The event was a real meet. Caliches was only the Argentine third string and regarded as a very weak third string at that.

The Marathon has always been an Olympic highlight. No event takes anything like the stamina, combined with judgment, that the hard breathing for 28 miles 325 yards takes. It's harder than any other race for two and a half hours. There have been stories to have it eliminated from the Olympic programme, but it's there to stay. And on past performances there's no such thing as a certainty in it.



Terminal Quest

STRANGERS CAME TO THE NEW PLANET, SUBDUED
THE PEOPLE, AND CALLED IT "NEW EARTH."

* By PAUL ANDERSON

THE sun woke him.

He stirred uneasily, feeling the long shafts of light slant over the land. The muted group of birds became a rush of noise and a small wind blew till the leaves chattered at him. Wake up, wake up, Hugo, there is a new day on the hills and you can't be sleeping, wake up!

The light reached under his eyelids, realigning the darkness of dreams. He struggled and curled into a tighter knot, drawing sleep back around him like a cloak, pulling toward the dark and the unconsciousness with his mother's face before him.

She laughed down the long ways of night, calling and calling, and he tried to follow her, but the sun wouldn't let him.

Mother, he whispered. Mother, please come back, mother.

She had gone and left him, once very long ago. He had been little then and the sun had been big and glorious and cold, and there were nictiations and workings in the shadows of it and he had been frightened. She had said she was going after food, and had kissed him and gone off down the steep mountain valley. And there she must have met the Strangers, because she never came back. And he had cried for a long time and called her name, but she didn't return.

That had been so long ago that he couldn't remember the years that now that he was getting old, she must have remembered him and been sorry she left, for lately she often came back at night.

He got up, slowly climbing to all four feet, pulling himself crook with the help of a low branch. Hunger was a dull ache in him. He looked emptily around at the thicket, a cordon of scrub halfway up the hillside.

He shook his fat pony head, clearing out the fog of dreams. Today he would have to go down into the valley. He had eaten the last berries on the hillside, he had waited here for days with weakness creeping from his belly through his bones, and now he would have to go down to the Strangers.

He went slowly out of the thicket and started down the hillside.

He came to a brook that rushed down the hillside, running from a spring higher up and flowing to join the Thunder River.

But he would be dead before the brook was dry, as it didn't matter too much.

He waded over it. The cold water

set his lame foot to tingling and needling. Beyond it he found the old trail and went down that. He walked slowly, not being eager to do that which he must, and tried to make a plan.

The Strangers had given him food now and then, set off carrying or in return for work. Once he had harbored almost a year for a man, who had given him a place to sleep and as much as he wanted to eat—good man to work for, not full of the hurry which seemed to be in his race, such a quiet voice and gentle eyes. But then the man had taken a woman, and she was afraid of Hugo, as he had had to leave.

A couple of times, the men from Earth itself had come to talk to him. They had asked him many questions about his people. How had they lived, what was their world for them and that did he remember any of their designs or stories? But he couldn't tell them much, for his talk had been maimed before he was born, he had seen a flying-things spear his father with flame and later his mother had gone to look for food and not come back. The men from Earth had, in fact, told him more than he could give them, told him about cities and books and gods which his people had had, and if he had wanted to learn these things from the Strangers they could have told him more. They, too, had paid him something, and he had eaten well for a while.

WHEN he came down into the valley, the sun had lifted in ragged streaks and already he could feel the heat of the sun. The trail led only a road, and he turned northward toward the human settlements. Nobody was in sight yet, save it was quiet. The footfalls rang loud on the pavement, it was hard under his soles and the prospect of walking buried up into his legs like small sharp needles. He looked around him, trying to ignore the hurting.

They had cut down the trees and harvested the land and sowed grain of Earth, until now the valley lay open to the sky. The breezy air of summer and the moderate winds of winter rode over the dry plains. It was as if these Strangers were afraid of the dark, as if they were frightened by shadows and half-lights and rustling amongst distances that they had to clear it all away, one sweep of fire and thunder and

then the bright indomitable steel of their world rising above the dusty plains.

He heard the machine coming behind him, roaring and pounding down the road with a wheel of citizen air seeping in its wake, and reverberated in a position galloping that it was intended to walk in the middle of the road. He scrambled to one side, but it was the wrong one, the side they drove on, and the truck screamed around him on smoky-tire tires and ground to a halt on the shoulder.

A Stranger climbed out, and he was almost dancing with fury. His curvilinear features so fast that Hugo couldn't follow them. He caught a few words. "Damned world, that . . . Cougars killed me . . . Ogigia be just . . . Save the law on you."

Rugo stood watching. He had twice the height of the skinny pink shape that flittered and scuttled before him, and roared four times the bulk, and though he was aid, one sweep of his hand would shove in the skull and scatter the brains in the hot hard concrete. Only at the power of the Strangers was second the creature, fire and even any flying steel, and he was the last of his folk and sometimes his mother came at night to see him. So he stood quietly, hoping the man would get tired and go away.

A booted foot slammed against his shin, and he cried out with the pain of it and Eldest one arm the way he had done as a child when the bombs were falling and metal rotated around him.

The man sprang back. "Don't rub it," he said quickly. "Don't do nothing. They'll hurt you down if you touch me."

"Go," said Hugo, twisting his tongue and throat to the foreign syllables which he knew better than the family recited language of his people. "Please go."

"You're only here while yuh bebe's reborn. Keep yuh place, ya. Nasty devil! Watch yahself!" The man got back into the truck and started it. The spinning tires threw gravel back at Hugo.

He stood watching the machine, his hands hanging empty at his sides, until it was beyond his agreed sight. Then he started walking again, careful to stay on the coerced edge of the road.

Presently a farm appeared over a ridge.



"Can you tell us a story, Mr. Troll?"
the children cried. So he leaped back
and bounded around in his mind.



Explorers, where is . . .

the land of pink elephants?

No... Be sensible!... It isn't "Peak Ultra." For every in East Africa, the sun-dappled peaks of Mount Kilimanjaro stand stark against the blue sky. Except for six stations down the track from Moshiwa to Nairobi, there is no sign of life. No friendly faces, no grazing herds, no native huts break the eternal horizon of tangled savannahs. Nothing moves here except the elephants and the rhinoceroses, the lions and the warthogs... nothing, that is, but tourists. These thousands of square miles of savannah, and memory have been turned into a Mecca for people who love animals, and the Tsavo National Park attracts people from all over the world who want to photograph big game. What was once a collector's sport has come within the reach of upper-middle incomes and everyone benefits—tourists, hotel-keepers and natives. But... but of all... Tsavo Park is one of the few places on the globe where you can witness cold water and still see pink elephants. And how? Well, the jumbos get that way from rolling in the red sand.

Hugo's feet throbbed with the hardness of the road.

He stood at the entrance, wondering if he should go in or not.

He panted out the name on the mouthpiece. Elias Whately. He'd try his luck with Elias Whately.

As he came up the driveway a dog bounded forth and started barking, high shrill notes that hurt his ears.

"Please," he said to the dog. His heart trembled in the warm still air and the barking grew more frantic. "Please, I will not harm, please do not bite."

"Doh!"

The woman in the front yard let out a little scream and ran before him, up the steps and through the door to whom it in her face. Hugo sighed, feeling suddenly tired. She was afraid. They were all afraid. They had called his folks fools, which were something evil in their old psyche. He remembered that his grandfather, before he died in a shelterless winter, had called them heroes, which he said were pale story things that ate the dead, and Hugo smiled with a wryness that was sour in his mouth. But little use in trying here. He turned to go.

"You?"

He turned back to face the tall man who stood in the door. The man held a rifle, and his long face was charged tight. Behind him perched a red-headed boy, maybe 12 years old, a cup with the same narrow eyes of fear.

"What's the idea of coming in here?" asked the man. His voice was like the grating of iron.

"Please, sir," said Hugo. "I am hungry. I thought if I could do some work, or if you had any swaps—"

"So now it's bearing, eh?" demanded Whately. "Don't you know that's against the law? You could be put in jail. By heaven, you ought to be! Jubilee matinees, that's all you are!"

It was no use exposturing, thought Hugo. Maybe they really had been a misunderstanding, as his grandfather had claimed, maybe the old councillors had thought the first explorers were only among if more like them could come and had not expected settlers when they gave permission — or maybe, thinking that the Strangers would be too strong,

they had decided to break their word and fight to hold that place!

But what use now? The Strangers had won the war, with guns and bombs and a plague virus that went like a scythe through the natives; they had hunted the few survivors down like animals, and now he was the last of his kind in all the world and it was too late to explain.

"No, Sir," said the boy. "Sir, 'an' we got 'em."

The dog barked in close, rushing and retreating, trying to work its cowardice into rage.

"Shut up, Sam," said Whately to his son. Then to Hugo, "Get!"

"I will be on my way, sir," he said.

"No, you won't!" snapped Whately. "I won't have you going down to the village and scaring little kids there. Back where you come from!"

"But, sir — please —"

"Get!" The gun pointed at him, he looked down the muzzle and turned and went out the gate. Whately waved him to the left, back down the road.

The dog charged in and sank its teeth in a snarl where the scales had fallen away. He screamed with the pain of it and began to run, slowly and heavily, weaving in his course. The boy Sam laughed and followed him.

"Nyaaah, nyaaah, nyaaah, ugly ol' troll, crawl back down to yuh dirty ol' hole!"

AFTER a while there were other children, come from the neighboring farms, on that timeless blur of running and raw lungs and thundering heart and howling, thundering noise. They followed him, and their dogs barked, and the gang stalked off his sides with little swords where they stuck.

"Nyaaah, nyaaah, nyaaah, ugly ol' troll, crawl back down to yuh dirty ol' hole!"

"Please," he whispered. "Please." When he came to the old trail he hardly saw it. The road danced in a blinding shimmer of heat and dust.

Presently he couldn't go on. The hillside was too steep, there was no will left to drive his muscles. He sat down, pulling in knees and tail, hiding his head in his arms.

After still a longer time, he opened his eyes. The hot sun raw and steady wavered at the beam. Some man had entered his brain. There was a man who stood watching him.

Hugo shrank back, biting a hand before his face. But the man stood quietly, putting away on a battered old pipe. He was shabbily dressed and there was a rolled bundle on his shoulders.

"Had a pretty rough season there, didn't you, old-timer?" he asked. His voice was soft. "Here." He bent a leathery thumb over the smouldering ember. "Here, you need a drink."

Hugo lifted the content to his lips and gulped till it was empty. The man looked him over. "You're not too banged up," he decided. "Just cuts and abrasions, you fellas always were a tough breed. I'll give you some salaric, though."

He handed a tube of yellow salaric out of one pocket and smeared it on the wounds. The hurt eased, faded to a warm tingle, and Hugo sighed.

"You are very kind, sir," he said sincerely.

"Nah. I wanted to see you anyway. How you feel now?" Better?"

Hugo nodded, slowly, trying to stop the shivers which still ran in him. "I'm well, sir," he said.

"Don't 'ur' me. Too many people'd laugh themselves sick to hear it. What was your trouble, anyway?"

"I — I wanted food, sir — pardon me. I — I wanted food."

Hugo pulled himself to his feet. It was easier than he had thought it would be. "Please, if you will be so kind, I leave a place with trees."

The man swore, softly and unimaginatively. "So that's what they've done. Not content with blocking out a whale-race, they have to take the gas from the last one left. Look, you, I'm Manuel Jones, and you'll speak to me as one free man to another or not at all. Now let's find your tree."

The human started a fire and opened some coals on his pack and threw their contents into a small bottle. Hugo watched hungrily, hoping he would give him a bite, relished and angry with himself for the way his stomach rumbled. Manuel Jones squatted under a tree, shaved his hat off his forehead, and got his pipe going afresh.

Blue eyes in a weatherbeaten face watched Hugo with steadiness and no hate nor fear. "I've been looking forward to seeing you," he said. "I wanted to meet the last member of a race which could build the Temple of Othon."

"What is that?" asked Hugo.

"You don't know?"

"No, sir — I mean, pardon me, no, Mr. Jones —"

"Manuel. And don't you forget it!"

"No, I was born while the Strangers were hunting the last of us — Manuel. We were always Jesus. I was only a year old when my mother was killed. I met the last other Gauzu — member of my race — when I was only about 20. That was almost 200 years ago. Since then I have been the last."

"God," whispered Manuel. "God, what a pair of free-wheeling devils we see!"

"I am old," said Hugo. "I am too old to hate."

"But not too old to be honest, eh?" Manuel's smile was loaded. He fell into silence, puffing blue clouds into the bones of air.

Presently he went on, thoughtfully. "Of course, one can understand the humans. They were the poor and the destitute of our land-hungry Earth, they came 40 years ago empty-handed with all their hopes, giving their lives to the shape so their children might lead — and then your son came! Irkka! They could return, and man never was so nice about his methods when need drove him. They were lonely and scared, and your barking terrible speech made it worse. So they fought. But they needn't have been so thorough about it. That was sheer *bitilism*!"

"It does not matter," said Russ. "It was long ago."

"The devil! Help yourself, old-timer, poetry for all!"

The smell of blood filled Russ's nostrils; he could feel his mouth going wet and his stomach retching at him. And the Strangers really seemed to mean it. Slowly, he dropped his hands into the sword and brought them out full and ate with the ungrateful manners of his people.

AFTERWARD they lay back, stretching and sighing and letting the faint breeze blow over them.

"I am afraid this must end all your supplies," he said firmly.

No matter, you're Manual. "I was damn sick of beans anyway. Meant to kill a chicken tonight."

"You are not from these parts," said Russ. "There was a thawing within him. Here was someone who seemed to expect nothing more than friendship.

"You are not a plain lump," he added thoughtfully.

"Maybe not," said Manual. "I taught school a game many years ago, in Cognac. Got into a lot of trouble and had to hit the road and liked it well enough not to settle down anywhere since. Hobo, hambur, traveller to any place that sounds interesting — it's a big world and there's enough in it for a bloke like I want to get to know this New Terra planet, Rago. Not that I mean to write a book or anything, just... I just want to know it."

He sat up on one elbow. "That's why I came to see you," he said. "You've got of the old world, the last part of it except for empty ruins and a few tattered pages in museums.

"The planet was yours before we came," he said, "and it shaped you and you shaped it and now the landscape which was yours will become part of us, and it'll change us in its own sizes and artistic ways."

They talked for a while longer, and then the Indian rose. "I've got to go, Rago," he said.

Russ got up with him and wrapped the dignity of a host about his nakedness. "I would be honored," he said gravely.

He stood watching the man go until he was lost to sight down the curve of the trail. Then he sighed a little.

He would bring food tomorrow, Russ knew, and this time there would be more said; the comrade-ship would be wholly easy and the eyes wholly frank. It pained him that he could offer nothing in return.

But wait, maybe he could. The farther hills were thick with berries. Some must still be there even this late in the season.

It was a long trip, and his nerves perturbed at the thought.

He went over the crest of the hill and down the other side.

Berries — yes, a lot of them clustered around Thunder Falls, where there was always coolness and damp. They weren't such a bad race, the Strangers. They had made war with all the fury that was in them; had wiped out a threat with unnecessary surgery, they still fought and shouted and grappled each other. But among them were a few like Manual, and he wondered if his own people had boasted ones of that sort among the Strangers did.

Presently he came out on the slope of the highest hill in the region and started climbing it toward Thunder Falls. He could hear the distant roiling of a cataract, half lost in the pounding of his own blood as he fought his aging body slowly up the rocky slope, and in the dance of sunlight he stopped to breathe and tell himself that not far ahead were shadow and rain and a cataract of turbulent waters. And when he was ready to come back, the night would be there to walk home with him.

The shouting falls drowned out the voices of the children, nor had he looked for them since he knew they were forced to visit this danger spot without adults along. When he stopped the stony ridge and stood looking down into the gorge, he saw them just below and his heart stumbled in sickness.

The white troop was there, with red-haired Sam. Wastefully leading them in a berry hunt up and down the creviced rocks and along the pebbled beach. Russ stood on the cliff above them, peering down through the fine cold sunray and trying to tell his panting body to turn and run before they saw him.

"Looks that!" He heard Sam's voice faintly through the roar and crash of the falls. "Looky what's here! Of Blasie!"

A stone clicked against his ribs. He called out in a bark that trembled through the rocks. "Do not do that!"

"Yeah, listen what he says, ha-ha-ha."

"Leave me alone," cried Russ, "or I will tell your parents that you were here."

They stopped then, almost up to him, and for a moment only the rapping dogs spoke. Then Sam sneered at him. "Aw, what's gonna ya, ol' troll?"

"I think they will believe me," said Russ. "But if you do not believe it, try and find out."

They hovered for a moment uneasily, staring at each other. Then Sam said, "Okay, ol' tootie-ta, okay. But you let 'em be, see?" "I will do that," said Russ, and the hard-held breath puffed out of him in a great sigh. He realized how possibly his heart had been flitting, and weariness was weary in his legs.

THEY went suddenly back to their berry gathering, and Rago scurried down the cliff and took the opposite direction.

They called off the dogs too, and soon he was out of sight of them and into the berry bushes. Clustered under rocks and laterite plants, and it was something of an art to locate the food-laden shrubs. Russ had had many decades of practice.

It was peaceful work. He felt his heart and lungs slowing, cool and restfulness sickle over him. So had



"Here the master checks Father's books. We know he can't live on the salary we pay him."



he goes with his mother often and often in the time that was clearer to him than all the blurred years between, and it was not if she walked beside him now, and shaded him where to look and smiled when he turned over a bush and found the little blue spangles. He was gathering food for his friend, and that was good.

After some time, he grew aware that a couple of children had left the main group and were following him, a girl behind a girl laughing at a distant distance and saying nothing. He turned and stared at them, wondering if they meant to attack him after all, and they looked shifty-eyed.

"You sure find a lot of them, Mister Trot," said the boy at last, finally.

"They grow here," granted Hugo with unconcern.

"I'm sorry they was so mean to you," said the girl, "the two Tommy wasn't there or we wouldn't of let them."

Hugo couldn't remember if they had been with the pack that morning or not. It didn't matter. They were only being friendly in the hope he would show them where to find the berries.

"My dad said the other day he thought he could get you to do some work for him," said the boy. "Did you say something?"

"Who is your father?" asked Hugo uncertainly.

"He's Mr. Jim Stackerson."

Yes, Stackerson had never been anything but pleasant in the somewhat strained and awkward manner of his arrival.

"Mr. Whately won't let me go down there," said Hugo.

"Oh, him?" said the boy with elaborate scorn. "My dad'll take care of old Scouring-Whately."

"I don't like him. Whately's nothing," said the girl. "He's mean, like his old man."

"Why do you do as he says, then?" asked Hugo.

The boy looked uncomfortable. "He's bigger'n the rest of us," he muttered.

Yes, that was the way of humans, and it wasn't really their fault that the Mapel Jingles were so few among them. They suffered more for it than anyone else, probably.

"Here's a nice heavy bush," said Hugo. "You can pick if you want to."

He sat down on a mossy bank, watching them eat, thinking that maybe Hugo had changed today. Maybe he wouldn't need to move away after all.

The girl came and sat down beside him. "Can you tell me a story, Mister Trot?" she asked.

"Hm?" Hugo was startled out of his reverie.

"My daddy says an old-timer like you must know lots of things," she said.

Why, yes, thought Hugo, he did know a good deal, but it wasn't the sort of tale you could give children. They didn't know hunger and loneliness and shuddering winter cold, weakness and pain, and the slow grinding out of hope, and he didn't want them ever to know it. Yet, well, he could remember a few things besides. His father had told him stories of what had once been, and —

... Your race will always hunt us,

no matter how long man is here repeating of you, and every win you have ... There'll always be a shadow just beyond the fire, a voice in the wind and in the river, something in the soil that will enter the bread he eats and the water he drinks, and that will be the last race that was yours.

"Why, yes," he said slowly. "I think so."

The boy came and sat beside the girl, and they watched him with large eyes. He leaned back against the bank and listened around in his mind.

Which cigarette is . . .

... easiest to smoke?

TIGHTLY PACKED cigarettes give less irritation smoke, reports J. K. Passinger in the US Journal of Pharmacology. The investigator devised various methods of measuring the surface properties of various smokers and found that they varied considerably in different brands of cigarettes. His research disclosed that two factors determine the degree of irritation-causation of pack and measure cigarette. Loosely packed, his moist cigarettes are the most irritating. So, you hundred smokers, take heed. We're not suggesting any definite brand of cigarette (we're afraid it's hard to find) but we do suggest that you settle for something that does not fall in pieces in your mouth.

"A LONG time ago," he said, "before people had come to New Terra, there were trolls like me living here. We built houses and farms, and we had our sons and our sisters just like you do. So I can tell you a little bit about them, and maybe you can tell me when you are grown up and have children of your own you can tell them."

"Sure," said the boy.

"Well," said Hugo, "there was once a troll king named Utorn who lived in the Western Dales, not far from the sea. He lived in a big castle with towers reaching up so high nearly scraped the stars, and the wind was always blowing around the spires and singing the bells. Even when the trolls were asleep they could hear the baying of the bells. And it was a rich castle, whose doors always stood open to any wayfarer, and each night there was feast where all the great trolls met and might sounded and the heroes told of their wanderings —

"Hey, look!"

The children's heads turned, and Hugo's annoyed glance followed them. The sun was low now, its rays were long and slanting and touched the face of Sam Whately with fire where he stood. He had climbed up on the highest crag above the falls and balanced swaying on the narrow perch, laughing. The

laughed shifted down through the boom of water, faint and clear in the evening.

"Gee, he shouldn't," said the little girl.

"I'm the king of the moonbeams!"

"Sam, come down —" The child's voice was almost lost in thunder.

He laughed again and crawled, scolding with his hands along the rough stone for a way back. Hugo shivered, remembering how slippery the rocks were and how the river sang.

The boy started down, lost his hold, and tumbled.

Hugo had a glimmer of the red head as it rose over the foaming green. Then it was gone, snuffed like a torch as the river soaked it under.

Hugo started to his feet, yelling, remembering that even now he had the strength of seven humans and that a man had called him brave. Seven days earlier of his mind told him to wait, stop and think, and he ran to the shore with the frantic knowledge that if he did consider the matter wisely he would never go in.

The water was cold around him, it sank lungs of cold into his body and he cried out with the pain.

Sam's head appeared bravely at the foot of the embankment downstream. Hugo's feet lost bottom and he struck out, feeling the current grab him and pull him from shore.

Swimming, whipping downstream, he shook the water from his eyes and gasped and looked wildly around. Yes, there came Sam, a little above him, swimming with manicled reflexes.

The slight body crashed against his shoulder. Almost the river had its way, then he got a catch on the arm and his legs and till and free hand were working.

They whirled on down the stream and he was used and strong and the strength was spilling from him like blood from an open wound.

There was a rock ahead. Dimly he saw it through the cruel blare of sunlight, a broad flat stone rearing above a storm of water. He stalled, striving for it, catching the wind into his empty lungs, and they hit with a shock that exploded in his bones.

Widely he grabbed at the smooth surface, groping for a handhold. One arm lifted Sam Whately's fleshy stirring body out, firmly tossed it on top of the rock, and then the river had both arms.

The boy hadn't breathed too much water though Hugo in his darkening brain. He could see there till a living-thin from the village packed them up. "Gads, who did I save him?" "Why did I save him?" He stared up, and now the full water he awoke to give. Muffled Terra America still never finished the story of King Utorn and his heroes.

The water was cool and green around him as he sank. He wondered if his mother would come for him.

A few miles farther down, the river flows broad and quiet between gentle banks. Trees grow there, and the last sunlight stretches through their leaves to filter on the surface. This is down in the valley where the homes of men are built.

BITTER SPICE OF DEATH

* By LESTER WAY

DANNY KING wheedled the back of his hand over his chin; then brought his attention to the book of lies. It was a secure Danny made when he was nervous, and a cop shouldn't be nervous. Not when he is getting them trout fishing.

"Thanks, Joe," he said. "They're just right. And I need the holiday."

He did need it. There had been too much strain in the homicide section, too many cross-currents that kept Danny on edge. He pocketed the lies, paid Joe, and walked out of the sports shop.

Braddon was there waiting for him. Braddon stood by the shadowed police car. His face was like looking into hell.

"There's something important, Danny," he said. "Get in the car."

"There's always something important," Danny said. "My leave starts tomorrow," he added.

"Your leave hasn't started yet."

Braddon's voice came from down under his stomach. "And this is for you, Danny," it cooed.

Braddon had been on the force longer than Danny, he worked with Danny, and he decided things. He had a driving manner that got results and was always three harnesses ahead of Danny. He had seen plenty of hell, too, but it never showed in his face till now.

Danny got in the car.

It was too late to start on a new case, with his holidays coming tomorrow. He should never have told Braddon about Joe and his hand-made flies. Then Braddon wouldn't have found him. They drove to the morgue.

The body was on a slab, a girl's body, very white and beautiful. Except for her head. Something hard

had hit it and had kept on hitting at Danny turned away.

"Some of her face is left," Braddon croaked. "Go and look at it, Danny, and look at her hands."

Danny didn't need to, but he looked, and a knife was twisted in his lungs. His hair got dark, and he knew his face had gone the same color as Braddon's. He walked outside with Braddon following.

The car, with the uniformed driver, was standing under a light, but Danny stopped in the dark, and he heard Braddon beside him.

It was right for Braddon to be there, because the girl on the slab was Lucille Barnes, Golden hair, Danny found himself remembering, and her soft eyes, and the delicate face of a child. Danny hadn't got over Lucille.

He never would get over her, and he would never stop hating Braddon. That girl had been Danny's; he had felt her body warm in his arms, had felt those lips responding with quiet eagerness. He had boasted her face a masterpiece in a sketchy notebook to doing a slick turn in a cheer show, and then Braddon had seen Lucille, and Braddon had taken her.

But he hadn't held her. That was what hit Danny hardest.

"You've got to handle this," Braddon said. "I'm reasoning."

Braddon wasn't the kind who resigned, and what he said didn't register all at once. He was a good cop—and proud of it, and Danny stood awfully still while it sank in.

"Do you know how much I hate your guts?" he asked then.

"Sure. You'd like to see me burn,

wouldn't you? You'll try to pin this on me, of course."

"We'll go in the Chief," Braddon said, and moved away.

THE Chief looked at them with steel in his eyes. He was a square man, harder than steel. He didn't look at the badge, or the papers, that Braddon put on his desk, and he didn't argue.

He kept his eyes on Braddon and said, "It's hard on Danny. He leaves is over-size and now he'll have to take over. What have you got on the case?"

"She was in her own car in Baker Park," Braddon said. "It was run into some bushes after she was killed — done with a tire-iron. The Engagement boys have got all there."

"Any leads?"

"The killer's name is Cassidy." Braddon got up. His gaze went around the Chief's office, he gave a grant, turned to the door and went out.

"What do you think?" the Chief asked.

"I haven't started thinking. Lucille doesn't seem..."

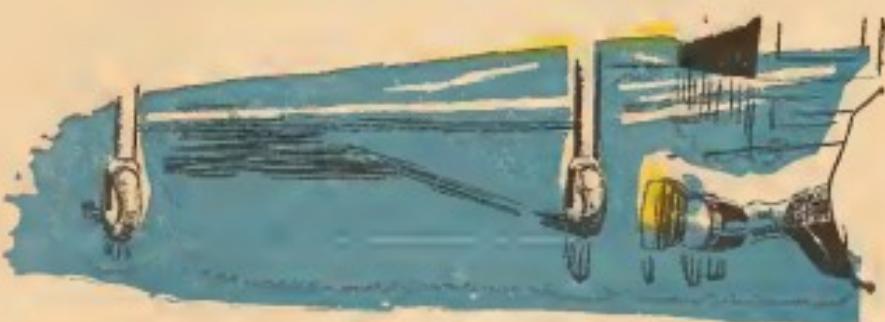
The Chief's telephone jingled and he picked it up. Danny watched his brows come together and watched his frown get deeper. The Chief was listening steadily.

He pushed it away and gripped the edge of his desk hard. "Hamilton Hospital wants to know if there was a murder thought in Baker Park. They've got a man who says he killed somebody and doesn't know who or why. He came in under his own power, announced he was crazy, and wanted to be locked up."

"Who's his name, Cassidy?"

"That's not the name he gave; but

THEY HAD BAD DREAMS, BRADDON AND THE GIRL, BUT THEY WERE WAKING UP TOGETHER, IF BRADDON COULD PULL HER OFF THE SLIPPERY-SLIDE





E. S. KARAB

get out there. It could be a lucky break."

* * *

Hamilton Hospital was a big place, right out of town. There were a dozen buildings scattered over as many acres of ground, and Danny went to the office and told them who he was. An asthetic doctor talked to him. The doctor talked about dentures, and dentag, and —

"Save it up!" Danny snapped. "I don't care if the guy's got mycromyelitis! I'm after the killer of Lucille Durant and I want to see this man. I want to hear him talk."

"We help from medical science, of course," the doctor agreed.

"Not a scrap! He's probably taking you for a ride. Where in hell?"

The reception ward for mental cases was a special building standing very much alone. It had a thin barbed-wire fence around it, the gate was of very solid wood, and it was locked. Danny pushed at the push-button.

Carmody. Of course it was Carmody. He was being smart, trying to beat the rap by playing crazy, giving himself no chance to be protected from himself. But he was not smart when he guarded Lucille with a fire-axe. That left a mess; it left blood on him — and finger prints on the car. He must have been in a hurry, no time to plan things, and he knew the cops would catch up fast. So he put himself behind barbed-wire and locked doors — a crazy man telling the doctors about it, saying he didn't know why he did it. That he couldn't help it.

Danny was still failing, and it was cold. Danny shivered, stamped his feet and pushed the bell again.

THE police records didn't have anything about Carmody, but they ought to. He was a shady goat, only visible at nightspots, always spending, always with a pretty girl, or pretty girl after another — him, with his big nose mouth and hairy nose, and long ape's arms! It had been Lucille killed; he was the guard who took Lucille away from Braddon. And Braddon had been through the files as hanger-on three times; he had put the wise guys to watching, and he had finished with all. Carmody spent money, he ran with fancy doosies. Maybe they dug good for him, but there wasn't any proof.

Danny heard a door opening; he heard keys rattling. Carmody wouldn't feel so smart when he saw Danny; Danny knew too much about him and Lucille and Carmody would know how Danny wanted to see her here. He would know about Braddon, too; he would be more afraid of Braddon.

Someone was slopping up the wet path to the gate.

Why did Braddon toss his papers in if it was Carmody who murdered Lucille? He didn't have to stand out of the force unless . . . Unless he was going to kill someone — Carmody for instance. Be maybe Carmody was getting cover from Braddon, putting strong walls and nurses and doctors between himself and Braddon?

The gate opened, and there was a light over it, and Danny saw a wardman, a chunky man with a

frown on his face. Danny stood there in the sun, wondering if Braddon knew where Carmody had got to, wondering if Braddon would try to get in.

"It's all right," the wardman said. "The dangerous ones are locked up."

Danny went in. There were two more doors to unlock before they were inside, and everything in there was very quiet, and very clean. In the day-room, the nurse looked at Danny. She looked at his feet, and ran her gaze slowly up his slim figure to his face. Her eyes were black, and like flint. She had a

A girl was there, a pretty girl with a silk dressing-gown over a nightgown. She had red hair, and she looked at Danny with a pensive, wondering expression. If you made Danny go to get hold of something that was in his mind.

"Get back to your room, Miss Prentiss!" the sister ordered.

"But I need something to read, Sister I can't sleep."

"You should have called me. Go to bed and sleep there, and I'll bring you some books."

The girl turned misty eyes on Danny. She said, "A cigarette would help. I'm right out of smokes."

Danny flicked his pocket and let her take one. He held a match for her, and saw that her nerves were steadier than his. She turned up her nose, said, "Thanks," and then went out.

The match burned down to Danny's fingers. He dropped it and said, "Hello Prentiss!"

"Do you know her?" the Sister asked, with acid meaning.

Danny knew about her, knew she had been a member at the Bacchus Nightclub, doing plastic poses in the nude, and that her face with its won-
dering expression of an awakening child was what got the crowd. They liked her shape. But they talked about her face. And then she had faded out six months ago.

"Sure, she used to have the spot-light," Danny said. "Is she crazy?"

"Not now, she's having fun tomorrow. But when she came in we had to drag her down. That's done for you we see what it does to them here."

They only see the end of the snow-ride here, Danny thought, only the final pay-off. They hadn't seen Katie Prentiss when the snow was sparkling, not the way the customers of the Bacchus saw her, glorified and on top of Olympus, driving men's blood and filling their thoughts without one fool among them suspecting what a few grains of cocaine had done to her.

And there was Lucille. Danny had held her body and felt its pulsing energies, and he had wondered about Lucille. He had never found out.

"But it's Wellington you want," the sister remarked him, "and he is insane. Come along."

They went into the corridor. It had a rubber carpet and their feet didn't make any sound. Somewhere behind them a woman commenced to moan, and kept it up, a low monotone dirge. They passed empty rooms with the doors wide open and with the door open and a man sitting inside. They came to a closed door, and the noise pointed there were narrow bars of glass built into the number of the door.

Danny looked in and saw a man pacing back and forth, patting with a nervous tread. He started, and Danny saw his face.

It was not Carmody, or anyone Danny had ever seen. A small man with a jowly, squat face, thoughtful, mild sort of expression.

"That's Wellington," the sister said. She unlocked the door and the man stopped pacing. She went in with Danny, and he noticed that

When did man make . . .

his first flight?

CENTURIES after he began drumming about it. In 1888 pieces for a helicopter were drawn by Leonardo da Vinci, but not until 200 years later did man get off the ground... and then it was in a balloon. Actually, the French started the business in 1882 when the Moisant brothers filled a bag with smoke and hot air and watched it rise away. Next year Charles (Percy) Moisant designed a balloon filled with hydrogen, which rose 12,000 feet. In the same year, Jean de Raser was lifted in a hot air balloon held by a rope; and a few months later, Marquis d'Arbelles went up 500 feet in a flight of less than six minutes. The next year, Maurice of France built the first powered balloon, his crew crossing three propellers. They reached three miles an hour.

While without any moth, and small sharp teeth. She had a good complexion, and lips that were full, and hard at the same time.

"You want to see Wellington?"

"If that's the name he gave."

"It is his name. The papers in his pockets prove it."

"Okay. Names don't count, and he'll use a different one when he's out on the loose. Where is he?"

"I'll take you to him, but the doctor has given orders."

"Forget his orders! This is murder, and I'm in charge. Your story-book quack can send for the police if he doesn't like it."

The sister looked at Danny's face more closely. Danny saw some of the color leave her cheeks. He remembered how Braddon had looked, and he supposed this woman was seeing naked hell in his face now. Then she shifted her gaze, and Danny heard a rustle of silk behind him.



DAN
DAN GLO

"Remember that recipe for the chocolate layer cake you're crazy
about? Do you mind adding another ingredient to it?"



Edward Ardizzone

"He was the danciest salesman. He thought I was Betty Grable."

she wasn't afraid Wellington hardly noticed her.

SHE went out and closed the door S and called the wardman. Denny saw the wardman come and stand idly in the corridor. Wellington nodded his head jerkily at the wardman.

"I asked them to do that," he said. "I want them to be there to stop me if I try to murder someone else."

"Yeah, they told me. I'm from the police, you know."

"Oh—" Wellington sat down on his bed. "It's funny, but I hadn't thought of that. They'll be a trial. I'll be convicted, they'll take me to the—"

"You'd like that, wouldn't you?" Denny interrupted.

"Like it? Well—"

"Tell me the whole story. How did you meet the girl? Where did you go with her, how did you kill her? We have to know these things."

"The girl?" Wellington's face was blank for a moment, and then it lit up. "Yes, of course—the girl in the park! It was dark, you see, and I was walking along the roadside going home and I saw her ahead of me. She was walking slowly, as if she expected to meet someone, but there was no one in sight. And something took hold of me. It was a thing inside of me that I've been fighting for a long time. It took hold of me and told me to kill her. That's all. I can't explain it, I just did it."

"I see. You sneaked up behind her and—what did you use?"

"My pocket knife, of course! I grabbed her, and cut her throat, and stabbed her face. I was a different person; I was a terrible wild beast for

a few minutes, and then, when I felt her blood on my shoes and got some of it on my hands and smelled it, I got calm again and realized what I had done. I was horrified."

"Did you go home?"

"I couldn't. It wasn't possible to face people I knew. I kept on walking, and I thought about it, and after a while I knew what I had to do. I came here and got them to look out for me. That was right, don't you think? Don't you?"

"Sure it was, and you'll be all right here. I won't bother you again."

Denny moved to go and Wellington caught him above. "There are other people here! You can't let me kill them! If the door isn't locked, and that thing takes hold of me it would be terrible. And it would be your fault!"

Denny closed the door on the babbling lunatic. Now he had to find Carmody, and he had to find Carmody. Carmody would be lying low. Bradshaw would be stalking him. Maybe if he tracked Bradshaw—

The wardman was grinning at him. "I'll let you don't crack most murders that easy," he said.

"There's only one thing wrong," Denny told him. "That poor lad didn't kill anyone. He just imagined it."

The wardman came close and pushed his face at Denny. "He didn't imagine the blood on his shoes! And there was blood on his trousers where he wiped his hands! I undressed him, so I ought to know!"

Denny held his breath while he studied the wardman. The man was in earnest, he was worked up about it.

"Did he talk about the murder?" Denny asked.

"He wouldn't stop talking about it, raved about it. He's loony all right, but—"

"Did he say it was a girl he killed? Did he tell you what he did with the body?"

"Well, not. I got the idea it was a man, and he said he couldn't remember what he did for half an hour afterwards."

"Well, it was a girl, and he didn't kill her. The man who did would be splattered with blood from head to foot. I guess Wellington came along right after she was killed, and walked into the blood. He got it on his hands, and smelt it, and his imagination did the rest."

The major came down the corridor, mowing fast. "Ferguson," she called. "There's a violent case in the ambulance. Go out and help them—quick!"

They could hear the ambulance pulling up, and Ferguson broke records getting to the front door. His keys jangled as he thrust one into the lock.

"You could give a hand, Mr. Wellington. It's a fighting drink with his head badly cut. He was in the casualty ward, but he smashed things, so they're bringing him here to stop him going while the doctor stitches his head. They're worse than madmen."

Denny caught up with the wardman. He needed action. He'd enjoy getting a hold on a hunch-creasy worker; it would steady his nerves to feel a man wail in his hands.

The young doctor was with the gorilla, and the crazy man looked as he had gone through a slaughterhouse. His face was a wash of blood. His hair was torn, and blood had spattered his clothing so that, where the light fell on him, it gave off a red gleam.

He struck the ambulance man, and the doctor twisted his arm. The ambulance man let go, and the drunk started to swing the doctor off.

Denny lunged and used a special hold. The gorilla went limp. Denny marched him through the gate, up the path, and inside.

They got him to a room and tried to take off his blood-stained clothes, and as soon as Denny's hold was released, he started fighting again. He smashed the doctor in the eye. He sent a kick at Ferguson's stomach.

While Denny stood and watched and didn't do a thing, because, in that room, in the good light, he could see through the mask of blood, he could see the face that was under the mask, and seeing that face was like a wound of ether to Denny.

It was Carmody's face.

Denny stood still and felt hate swelling up in him till it crowded everything else out. Then Carmody's flat fist went back into the doctor again, and Denny moved.

He stepped as fast as he could. He put all his bare behind a blow that turned his fist in Carmody's solar plexus.

Carmody gave a long sigh and went down on the bed. Ferguson strapped one wrist to the iron bedstead, and Carmody gasped for breath. The wardman strapped

the other wrist; Connolly winched in pain, and Ferguson got the strap on his ankles. Connolly opened his eyes and strained against the straps, then lay back, breathing heavily.

The doctor examined the cut on Connolly's scalp, and Ferguson commenced stripping off the clothes. Denny took pads from his pocket and got Connolly's upper pants off; the blood that was plastered on them.

"Get the sister," the doctor ordered. "He has to clean him up ready for the stitches, and tell him we'll need an anaesthetic."

The wound on Connolly's head was big and jagged and shallow. It had stopped bleeding, and the blood on his face and hands was almost dry. He opened his eyes again, brown eyes that shrank when the light hit them. He looked at Denny, then closed his eyes.

But they had looked straight at Denny, and they saw him. His chest was rising and falling easily; there wasn't a smell of whisky on him; he was not drunk. He only wanted them to think he was drunk. His wound looked bad; it had bled a lot, but it wasn't even dangerous.

The sisters were on the floor. Nice clothes—expensive, snared and spattered all over with blood. Just like the man who was who murdered Lucifer, only the man was Connolly's blood. Or was it?

The cut head could be an alibi to account for the blood on his hand shouldn't be there, that he didn't have time to get rid of.

"What do you do with his clothes, and the things in his pockets?" Denny asked.

"We check them and wrap them up ready for him when he's discharged," the doctor said.

Denny picked up the clothes. He held them at arm's length and carried them to the day-room. He could see that something was needing the doctor, who was like a rocket all ready to go off, and in the day-room he turned on Denny.

Denny pointed him with a finger before he could speak. "Just a minute, Horace," Denny snapped. "I'm going to empty those pockets and take what I find. I also want his clothes."

The doctor pressed his lips tight. His eye, where Connolly had hit him, was going blue. He said, "I'll have to telephone your headquarters, Mr. King. You did a thing that no hospital permits. You assaulted a patient. I'll have to ask them to order you out of the Ward."

"Go ahead! And tell them it was Connolly I assaulted. Tell them he wasn't drunk, just pretending, and that he was covered in blood, but got all of it with his own. And now have a look at his clothes before you make such a damned fool of yourself!"

"We had all the insolence I'll stand from—"

"The police are never insolent, Horace! But we don't let fools get in our way. Especially when it's murder."

The doctor opened his mouth and then bit the words back. He clenched his fists and stood grasping himself. The wardroom was heating water; the sister was taking things

out of a cabinet; they both pretended to be very silent on what they were doing. None of them saw Katie Prentice come to the doorway.

"Connolly? Did I hear you say Connolly?" Katie asked.

The sister whirled around. "Preston? Didn't I tell you——"

"I came to see about the books you promised. But what is it about Connolly? Is he in here?"

Denny saw the girl's breasts moving up and down fast. And her eyes weren't wide or moist, they were narrowed out, there was a light in them that he couldn't read.

"He's strapped down tight," Denny told her. "He can't get at you."

KATIE stood for a moment, then faded from the door. The rustle of her gown came from the corridor, and the rustle of him, and the woman in the female wing moaned a little louder.

"Lucky me, what Connolly had in his pockets," Denny said. He packed up the cash and started emptying things out. A wallet, a couple of letters, a driver's license.

The telephone rang and the doctor jumped at it. He listened and turned to Denny.

"More policemen! They're here about Connolly's accident. What do I tell them?"

"Tell them to come up here. I can handle Connolly but I want his fingerprints checked." He went on emptying the pockets.

There was another wallet. Denny put his hand in and pulled it out; not an ordinary wallet, nor for carry-

ing money, but thicker and with a strong elastic band around it. "Oh, Ferguson! Go to the gate and let the police force in!" the doctor said. There was buttoned-up spite in his voice.

The wardroom went out. His keys changed as he opened the door. Denny took the band off the second wallet and opened it, and then stood as still as the monument in Queen's Square.

Small squares of folded paper, dozens of them, a big wallet packed with them. Most made a lot of them clear. Denny waded like that till he had filled the thin packets to some other facts, then he tipped them all onto the table.

The mad woman stopped moaning and the huming of the gas started louder. Denny heard the gate being opened outside. Then the woman screamed.

"Go and talk to her, Sister," the doctor instructed. "It's just a bad dream. If she doesn't calm down I'll give her something."

The sister went out and Denny called the doctor over to the table. "Do you know what is in those little squares of paper?" he asked.

The doctor opened one. He wet his fingers and took a few of the white crystals up to his tongue. He said, "Yes, I know what it is, and it explains why Connolly was so violent."

"Maybe," said Denny, "but I don't think so. I don't think he used the stuff himself. He passed it, and used cocaine—each with a lot of men on her string—as he agreed. The vice squad only got the girls; they never caught up with Connolly."



"I could go with him until something better comes along, but what if something better comes along and sees me going with him?"

Have you ever seen . . .

a refrigerator on wings?

No? . . . then listen to Texas . . . there you'll find the "Texas nighthawk" . . . a bird which keeps itself cool just by sweating its mouth. U.S. zoologists have discovered that this particular species of bird has a special cooling mechanism in its mouth that allows it to sit all day in the hot desert sun while perspiring no water. Since the nighthawk has no sweat glands, cooling is taken care of mostly through the mouth (which comprises more than 15 per cent of the total body area). The scientist explains: "The nighthawk's resting activity takes place in June when the temperatures in the desert are rising above 100 degrees. The eyes are isolated in the open where heat would rapidly kill the feathers; therefore the small bird must remain in the open to cool its eyes." When its body temperature reaches an uncomfortable height, the nighthawk opens its mouth and begins "blowing" with a lot of vapor near its throat. Evaporation of moisture covering the wet surfaces lowers the temperature of a large amount of blood which has filled the毛细血管 for cooling. "Temperature control of this nature seems an extraordinary waterless, but the Texas nighthawk sits it out on the hot desert all day, only soaring in search of water after sunset," the zoologist enthuses.

"That's your affair," the doctor said shortly.

The wardswoman came back, and Danny looked up from the pile of snow, and he saw a uniformed man in the doorway. Danny only glanced at him, because he wasn't afraid.

Braddon was standing beside him, looking at Danny, and looking dangerous.

Braddon's thin face wasn't pale now. There was a dark flush under the skin; there was a bluffer's expression in his eyes. They stayed on Danny for a long time, and the woman down the corridor screamed once more, and then grew quiet.

"Carmody's here," Braddon said after a while.

"Yeah, and I'm here, I'm handling it."

"I have to see him, Danny. Where is he?"

"He's not far you. You followed up on it—remember? You're out."

"Because I owe him something, and I can't nail him for murder while I'm in debt to him. I'm going to give it to him now, Danny."

"You're wrong! You're not giving Carmody anything!"

DANNY'S eyebrows ticked up and lowered. Braddon. Braddon stared at it, and his eyes came together in surprise, and his lips peeled away from his teeth. "You'd enjoy killing me, wouldn't you, Danny?"

He said it, and then he cracked low and sprang back through the door too fast for Danny's gun to follow him. No feet made no sound on the rubber matting in the corridor. The doctor set out a stainless steel, and the man in uniform grunted, and got out of Danny's way. Danny went through the door after Braddon.

He couldn't see Braddon, but Kate came quickly to the door of her room as if she had seen Braddon streak past, and Danny wheeled back to the day-room.

"Guard Carmody!" he ordered. "If Braddon finds the room, stop him! He realized from the start tonight because he meant to murder Carmody. Don't let him past you!"

Then Danny went cautiously into the woman's wing. Braddon would find out his mistakes and he'd try to come back, maybe he'd come back shooting, so Danny didn't take anyone with him. Kate was still in her doorway. She asked, "What is it? Did Carmody get loose?"

"Did someone go past your door?" he demanded.

The doctor and wardswoman, and the fluster went out of the day-room and down the passage. Kate was watching them and holding her breath. Danny kept his eyes on the doors further down in the female section of the ward.

"I asked a question, Kate!" he snapped.

"Oh, yes, I—I think so, I don't know, I—"

They were trailed off, and Danny saw that she was pale and her nerves weren't steady any longer. He said "Keep out of the way. We might have to shoot."

He went on. The hallway bent to the right, and it was empty. Lights shone from a couple of rooms, but the rest were dark. If he tried to search each room he'd stop a bullet, and there wasn't any need for that because Braddon was after Carmody . . . only Carmody.

Danny crept to the end of the corridor and looked into each lighted room. The older was sitting on a bed, holding the hand of a gray-haired woman, talking softly to her. In another room a thin-faced woman lay motionless, staring upward. Danny stopped at the end of the passage and listened. The only sound was the soothing voice of the sister.

He went back as cautiously as he could. Kate wasn't at her door, and her light had been switched off. He went to the man's wing.

Nobody in that corridor either, not even the man he had sent to guard Carmody. Danny cursed under his breath, but he still moved carefully. Braddon could have come this way, or he could have dodged Danny in a dark room in the female wing and come back. Danny passed Wellington's room, and Wellington was lying on his bed with his light on. He looked at it if he was asleep.

Further along where Carmody was, the doctor, policemen and wardswomen were all standing around the bed. The doctor was feeling for a pulse, and the cop perched on his head when Danny came in. Danny stood there and didn't say anything till the doctor straightened his back, and the doctor looked at Danny and pressed his lips together white thin lines.

"He's dead."

There was the still figure of Carmody. The eyes were wide open, they were glaring, and were larger than when he was alive.

"Braddon didn't have time to get here and do it," the doctor said.

Danny knew what he meant. He could see triumph in the doctor's manner.

"Wellington?" the wardswoman grumbled. "Gowd! Dad I leave Wellington's door unlocked!"

He darted out, but the doctor wasn't interested, the doctor was looking at Danny. He kept on looking at Danny until Ferguson came back.

"Wellington's asleep, just like nothing had happened, he said in a voice that was thin and rasped.

"But his door isn't locked. I must have forgot it when the ambulance came with this—"

"Wellington will confess," the doctor said. "He'll be delighted to confess that he's safe he did it. Only—he didn't."

Danny studied the blood-streaked feet of Carmody. It hadn't been cleaned yet, and he couldn't get much through the dried blood. His glasses went from the nose down to the neck, and it stopped there.

"What was the cause of death?" he asked.

"A blow like you gave him could do a number of things, rupture an artery near his heart, for instance, or—"

"And those thumb-marks on his toes? See? The two spots where the blood has soaked off? Who did that?"

The doctor looked at Danny first—a swift, startled look—and then at Carmody's neck. He bent over Carmody again and began another examination.

"You should have let me do it, Danny. I don't blame you, but you should have let me do it."

Braddon was there, at the doorway, having a hole through Danny with his eyes.

" Didn't you?" Danny asked.

"No, I went the wrong way. But you know he was mine, that I was after him, and you — you cheated me, Danny."

"He's been strangled!" the doctor said suddenly. His voice was hurried; it was full of doubt. "And neither of you — neither of you had a chance to strangle him."

If we had let Danny to think he had tried to stop Braddon; had wanted to take Carmody alive; but now Carmody was dead, and there was Braddon. Suppose Braddon had managed, somehow, to come straight to that room? It would give him only a few seconds for murder, but there were a few seconds.

"How long does it take doctor?" Danny asked. "To strangle a man, I mean?"

The doctor looked at Braddon, and then at Danny, and then at Braddon again. He wasn't sure of himself now, the starch had all gone out of him. He made a futile gesture at the corpse, and said, "Braddon didn't have time. The hands that did that weren't very strong, either."

"Then it must have been Wellington!"

"I'm afraid so." The doctor's shoulders went up in a helpless shrug. "An unbalanced mind, delusions of impotency, and opportunity—." His voice died away.

There was silence. The man in uniform shuffled his feet. Ferguson scratched his ear, and Danny began to feel tired and ineffective and useless. The doctor's gaze kept drifting around. It wasn't possible to know what he was thinking.

"That isn't a case for me," Danny said at last. "I'd better phone the Chief, I'm only on the Duranty ranger."

They went out into the corridor. The wardman stopped to look the door as they moved away. The doctor paused at Wellington's room, and Ferguson let him into it. Ferguson stayed there while the doctor woke Wellington up, and Braddon

went with Danny to the day-room. The sister wasn't there, she would still be with the old woman, Danny supposed. It seemed a long time since she went there, but it wasn't really. It was no more than a few minutes.

Danny used the telephone and got the Chief, and told him what there was. The Chief said to stay with Braddon, he'd come out himself and take charge. That was bad.

And all the time, Braddon was staring at the heap of cocaine packets on the table. Danny turned away from the telephone, and saw Braddon looking, and he said in a flat voice, "It's from Carmody. Seems like he peddled it."

"There's a lot of it," Braddon said. Danny picked up a few packets and set them fall back on the table. "I thought there was more than that. I didn't get time to count them, but—"

"Letters?" Braddon exclaimed. "Danny! Did you — did you look at them?"

Danny shot a glance at Braddon's face, and the hell was in his eyes again. He was reaching for one of the letters.

"It's Lucifer's!" he croaked. "She used envelopes like that."

Danny let him take the letter out of the envelope. Danny watched his fingers tremble as he unfolded it. Danny kept very still while Braddon read the note.

"You'll need this," Braddon said. He handed it to Danny, and then he slipped into a chair and put his head in his hands.

It was Lucifer's writing, and when

Danny read it he knew how Braddon felt.

"There wasn't any love in it. It just said 'I'll meet you at the park, and I want the stuff. God knows how I want it.' But I've thought working for you, I know what it's done to me. I won't drag more men down into that hell, and you can't make me do it. Don't try! Remember Danny King?" And Luke Braddon? They both like the sound of my voice. They'd love it even more if I talk to them now."

As if it didn't matter, Braddon said, "He didn't think she'd talk. He was going to show a dose of raw under her nose, and watch her crumble, and agree to — anything!"

"Yeah, I guess that's why he made such a mess of the murder, he wasn't ready for it. How did he cut his head?"

"Pretended to be drunk and fell through a planking window, then fought like a maniac when the ambulance came for him."

"I thought it was like that," Danny said, but it wasn't important now, nothing was important now. "I gave him an abin for the blood on his clothes."

The sister came to the room. She glanced at the two men and went on with what she was doing, when the old woman screamed, calling Wellington ready for slitting Carmody's head.

"Bring yourself, Sister," Danny said. "Save it for a guy that isn't dead."

"Dead?" You mean the drunk who—?"

The doctor came to the door and interrupted her. His voice was like



"For a while there I thought you were sound asleep!"



"I have a wonderful excuse, I won."

tissue-paper. "That's right, Sister. Someone strangled Carmody while he was strapped down."

THERE was something new in the doctor's face, sensitizing like fense, as if he had been talking to ghosts and had felt their fingers cold on his forehead.

"And it wasn't Wellington," he added. "Wellington avers he did it; of course, he's all worked up because I won't believe him, but he says he smashed Carmody's skull with part of the iron bedstead. So —you see?"

He looked at the jumble on the table. He didn't look at Danny, or at Braddon, or at the sister, and Danny began to feel a chill streak on the back of his neck. The warderman went in and stood near the door. The sister stared at Danny with her glaring black eyes.

"Give Wellington a sedative, Sister, and make it strong," the doctor said. "Go with her, Ferguson; you may have to force him to take it."

He moved uncertainly to the door. "There's nothing more for me here. I'll let myself out."

He went, and Danny heard him unlocking the door. The sister measured something into a glass and Ferguson went down the corridor with her. Braddon was still per-

fectly still, gazing at the medicine-packets, but not seeing anything. The hell had gone out of his eyes, and he looked as if everything else had gone out of him along with it. He said, "You still hate me, Danny?"

"Of course."

"As much as I hated Carmody?" "I don't know. I think so."

Braddon turned empty eyes on Danny. "You've got your gun," he said. "It would be easy for you to kill me."

"Maybe," Danny said, "but it isn't worth it. And you didn't mind Carmody."

"No, I didn't get Carmody. That's the senseless part of it. I intended to. I intended to give myself up and go to the chair like it, and now I'm left in the back-draught. There isn't anything, Danny. I haven't even got what you've got. I don't even hate anybody."

Danny was only half listening to Braddon. Down in the men's wing, he could hear Wellington raling his voice; he could hear the dominating commands of the sister. They were having trouble making Wellington take the mixture. And Wellington hadn't murdered Carmody, and Braddon hadn't, and there wasn't anyone else, only—

"You know, I could kill you, Danny," Braddon was saying, "or you'd use your gun and kill me. You don't want to die, but it won't matter to me which way it is. You kill me, or they do for me for murdering you. Either way—" He threw out his head meaninglessly.

He might do it. A man can live in hell, Danny knew, but he can't live without anything; he can't stand the emptiness Danny saw in Braddon now.

And Braddon's hand was under his coat where he kept his gun.

Danny got up. He said, "Listen to me! There's a girl in here —Kate Prentiss. She's supposed to be cured, and she isn't looking up, and she—"

But Braddon wasn't listening, and Danny turned his back. Braddon's hand was still on his gun, his face was grey again. Danny went to the door, and Braddon got up and followed him. Danny went along the corridor to Kate's room. The door was open; the room was dark. He switched on the light.

Kate was naked. She was putting her feet into some pale-green flannel and she stayed like that when the light went on—heavy over her hands holding a wisp of green somewhere about her knee. Her gown and night-

dress were thrown on the bed, her clothes were hung over a chair. She turned her face up and saw Danny and Bradton.

"Come in, boys," she said. "I'm getting dressed to go out, and you can help me. You've both got mustaches."

She was different. She was more wild, with an unusual sparkle that hadn't been on her before. Danny's gaze drifted over her curved back. It went to her feet, to the floor near her feet. It fixed on some little wads of crumpled paper scattered there. He heard Bradton's breath coming fast. He looked at Bradton, and Bradton's eyes weren't empty now.

Bradton said, "Holy God! And you—you are it, too!"

Katje put her other foot in the flame and stood erect. She saw the direction of Danny's gaze, and her own eyes went to the crumpled squares of paper. She faced them both with a flush on her cheeks.

"Sure! Sure I use 'em! They saved me here; they were sending me oil tomorrow, you know. And I had it all fixed to get away, to keep away from it. But Carmody wouldn't let me! He slashed his hand just so he could get in here and get hold of me before I went!"

"Hold it!" Danny rapped. "You stole that smoke from the day-ever. Carmody didn't dole it on to you?"

"Didn't he? Didn't he?" Her voice rose. "Goddam it, he looked at me while I smoked him, kept looking at me all the time he was dyin'! He was strapped to his bed, he couldn't move. I was squeezing his throat so he couldn't speak, but he looked at me. Did you ever have a man looking at you while you were murdering him? A man you had loved? A



"Well, if you're really serious about the girl, I suppose we can give you some sort of executive role. Understand, though, when I yell 'Stop,' I still want you."

man you had gone to hell for? God, but I had to have something after that! If it hadn't been there, on the table, with no one to stop me—
but it was! Now, get me out of here! Get me away!"

"Sure, you'll be away from it," Danny said. "We arrest people for murder, even for murdering Carmody. Get dressed!"

The girl's face twisted and her lips curled out. Her hands became claws; but it was Bradton who cried. He sprung, seized her hands and held her helpless.

"Take it easy," he said. "You're all stacked up now, but you'll get over that. And they won't send you to the chair—not when they've heard my story."

The girl let him hold her wrists. She looked at his face and seemed to sense the tragedy that was in it. "I don't know you," she said. "Or do I?"

"We had bad dreams," Bradton told her. "We both had the same bad dream, and now we're waking up together. Get your clothes on. Danny and me are going to take care of you."

The fool! A girl like Katje Preston! Not even Bradton with all his strength, his hard, driving will, could pull her back off the slippery-slope!

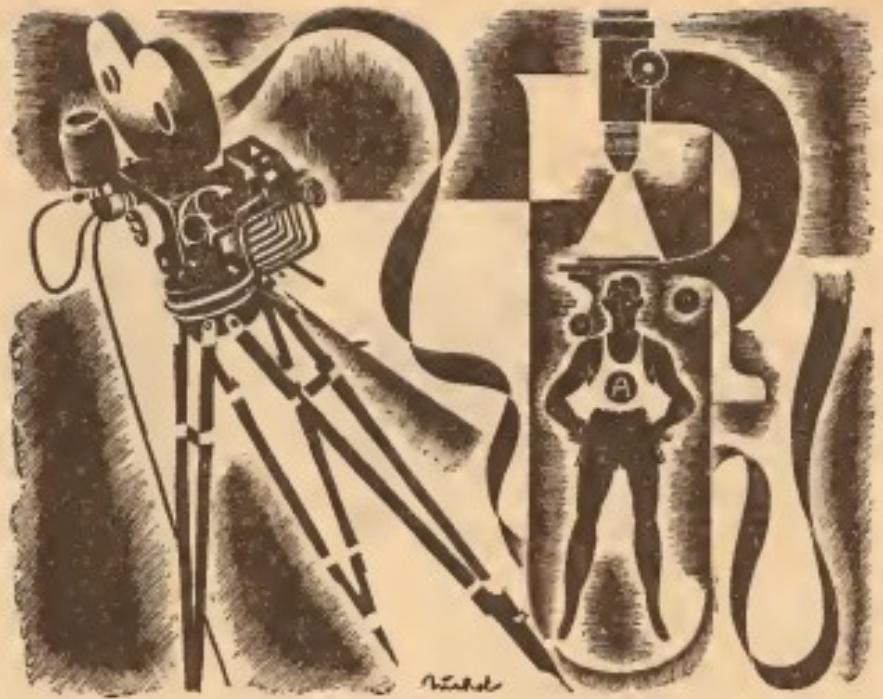
They were both standing perfectly still, looking at each other, and Danny began to wonder. After all, maybe Bradton could. Danny began to hope that he would.

And then he knew that he didn't hate Bradton any more, and it made him feel good inside. He could go fishing now. The trout he caught wouldn't taste better.

And so, road-hogs...

who is the worst driver?

RESTRAIN yourselves...we have the authority of Professor A. R. Lauer, of Iowa (US) State college that the most dangerous age for our drivers is 21, and not teen-age (as the current belief is). Moreover, Professor Lauer has also advanced the startling statement that men can drive better than women...but they do! According to the Professor, the difference in accident susceptibility is statistically small when considered in relation to miles driven. He found in addition that women were better drivers than men from the ages of 16 to 21, that men were better drivers than women from 21 to 40, and that women were better drivers from 41 to 55. Over the age of 55, however, men have fewer accidents, as a uniform basis. In general (the Professor assessed) men have more skill than women; but women between 17 and 20 have one-fourth fewer accidents for a given mileage than men of the same age group. From the standpoint of safety (and from an attarctual point of view)...the Professor declared...men aged between 30 and 36 constitute the chief offenders.



WHAT MAKES A CHAMP?

The new technique is to build the champ's body to the requirements that are likely to give him victory in the big event.

SPORT • FACT

★ By S. G. EBERT

COME ON, you guys addicts! Just what attributes add up to championship class? Why could Big Jake Kramer beat anybody in the world at tennis? How is it that Merv Wood hasn't a soul being royal worthy to be called such? Why can Walter Lindström sing all the Cut, something that obviously was not included in the make-up of his billiards opponents? And don't leap for an answer. There are dozens of these invincibles.

In the racing where men compete against distance, height and time, we still ask our awkward questions. Why was Jesse Owens able to broad-jump farther than anybody else and hurdle faster than any opposition racers? Hiroshima Florence, of Toledo, last year showed

through the water at a rate that worried American swimming coaches and Olympic selectors who had been confident in US supremacy at least over the shorter distances.

Is it that the champion has developed a technique of operation that is better than that of any of his competitors? Many sports fans (athletes and otherwise) have been searching for answers to such questions for years. They have found lots of reasons for the continuous improvement in standards past office years; and now they are marching forward and means of raising those standards still higher.

Yet when they consult the sport racing books they find America has very frequent visitors. Sweden and Finland also have their share of

penitence. But what of Australia?

Young John Marshall has forced Australia's name back #6 to the schedule of the world's foremost swimming nations, hasn't he? Strange that one solitary young athlete can give the impression abroad that his home country is a breeding ground for world-beating water athletes. Strange, perhaps, at first thought, but Master Marshall is a world's champion of the de luxe category, and some half century ago Australia was really respecting wherever the call was "Give the water Go!" no matter what the language might have been. Furthermore, the young Victorian is employing the most modern training methods perfected in the world today—the results of many years of study and research.

At the turn of the century, Australians pioneered the crawl stroke, whose introduction caused the greatest revolution known to the history of any sport. Our forebathers pioneered and developed the stroke; but America and Japan and other nations applied the analysis and efficiency formulae and produced streamlined techniques and super-champions which left our well-lapped kids behind (and the representatives far, far in the rear).

With the application of science to the perfecting of style, there has come also a selective attitude to the individual swimmer themselves. In training, the microscope has been largely supplanted by the microscope, the deep-chested business of the bath attendant is replaced by the academic sleep of the professor.

The crawl stroke kept Australian swimmers out top for twenty-five years, after fourteen-year-old Benjamin Blundell, Alan Wilkinson, and several more intrigued onlookers saw the native "tappa-tappa" stroke at Strand Baths, Sydney, in 1897.

"Look at that boy crawling over the water," someone said—and the crowd was charmed and here to stay.

Dick Cavill and Barney Keenan took over the new style at preference to the old trudgen, and the gentlemen who minded round hooks were very busy for a year or two,

WHEN the Yanks went to work on the Australian crawl, they gave it a six-best kick and produced one of the strokes greatest exponents. They brought him from overseas. He was Duke Kahanamoku. The Duke had something more than perfection of technique or purity in his position as champion of swimming champions. He was a "natural." He had the right build and form and he loved the water. He had loved it since a happy island childhood, which had favored hours and hours of surf-beach riding, frolicking and swimming in blue South Sea waters before he came to Australia in 1916 and set a world record time of 54.8 seconds. The crowd at the Bondi Beach (Sydney) that afternoon knew then that the American kid was a "GOOK" for surpassing champions.

So the concentration on improvement in technique continued, and records kept falling. After the 1914-18 war, Andrew "Cape" Cawston invaded the international swimming scene with a strange but powerful kick. He used a trudgen crawl and a leg-best that combined both styles

and was good enough to take the Olympic title over 1900 metres in 1928.

JUST 20 years ago this year, Japan gave the swimming world a shock at the 1932 Olympic Games at Los Angeles. The Nipos had decided beforehand that their body shape and size should suit them for good swimming. Before the Games they invited a group of Australian and American lifepresers to pay them a visit. Charles wasn't available, but Australians Bert Henry, Vic Moore and Reg Grier made the trip with

throughout the world art is stunned silence for days.

The Japanese had introduced a new approach to preparation for international sport and the road to records. Thereafter, the country became an important item in the equipment of a topflight team, but more important was the new approach to sport activity, evidenced (particularly in the USA) after the Games shock of 1932.

A collection of some of the most brilliant brains in the country undertook the task of discovering just what made a genuine champion.

They also sought ways and means of generally raising up the national sport standard. "We'll have more to say about this new physical education later."

Of course, swimming wasn't the only sport which has found itself subject to progressive changes of technique over the years. In track and field athletics, most radical style changes have been found in the high jump. American E. H. Clark won the 1920 Olympic title with a mighty leap of 5 ft. 11 1/2 in. He was hailed as something of a superman at the time. Today his effort would scarcely qualify him for a senior schoolboy competition. Lester Stoer (USA) holds the world's record at 6 ft. 11 in. Last century—and for much of this—the only high jumping style known and practiced was the scissors form. Then came the Eastern cut-off and the Western Roll with its streamline, giving the jumper an efficient body layout crossing the bar—and up went the standard.

Broadjumping is another athletics event which has progressed remarkably with the adoption of new styles. Fifty-odd years ago the long jump record was less than 12 ft. Best performance on record nowadays is Jean Goyard's 22 ft. 5 1/2 in. New broadjumping methods aim at moving the body during flight so that the athlete lands with feet thrust well forward and the body swung forward over them. The balanced and forward thrust on landing can add feet to the broadjumper's effort.

The hatch-kick is another recently developed style favored by many leading long-jumpers. It involves a running movement in the air. The Japanese long jump entered the international broadjumping field. They brought with them the "deliberate swinging in the air" technique, which has been largely adopted by Australian broadjumpers.

The Finns have treated javelin-throwing with a studious attitude which matches the Japanese approach to swimming. Their shilly with the throwing spear bear instant, for them, food, clothes and material for trade and barter. Finnish experts spent years in perfecting the styles which progressively raised the 1946 figure of Lemminkäinen, the Swede—an effort 173 feet 7 inches—to the present world's record of 226 feet 3 3/4 inches. The javelin-throwing record-holder is, of course, a Finn. His name is Y. Niukkanen, and his best throw was made back in 1938.

So it has been in all sports for decades. A change in technique established a champion nation, and that nation's best exponent of the new technique became a world's

Who first named our...

days of the week?

THE names for the days of the week are Teutonic or Anglo-Saxon in origin, though the ones did not originate with the European neighbors. Evidently they got the idea from early Romans and merely translated the Latin names. Sunday, for instance, is from "dies solis" (day of the sun) and Monday from "Dies dñi" (day of the master). But when it came to Tuesday, the Roman's day for Mars (the God of War), the Norse changed it to their own war god, Tyr, calling it "Tyr's Day." They also changed "Marsus" Day to Woden's Day (Wednesday) after the chief Norse War God; Thursday celebrated Thor, god of thunder; Friday was named after Woden's wife, Frig or Freya (Goddess of Marriage). However, the Norse then ran out of gods (or gods tired of translating), so that the British Saxon's Day became the sixth...Sunday.

an American team which included "Buster" Crabbe. The Japs kept the movie cameras turning every time any member of the party hit the water. They shot them on the occasions, and both on and under the water—mostly in slow motion.

When the visitors had been farewelled, the Nipponese national training trust settled down to long sessions of studying their styles. It was decided that if anything was to be learned, "Buster" Crabbe was the man to teach it. The film of the Australians and of the rest of the American team were discarded, and the film-following experts proceeded to learn more about "Buster" Crabbe's technique than that muscular young man has ever disseminated himself.

The story of the swimming stocks at the 1932 Games has now been told many times. The Japanese team arrived with a typical Japanese style which featured the Crabbe form fundamentally, but was different in the recovery action. The Jay recovery was famous. They went home with a bag of Olympic medals and new world's records, and coaches



"Tonight, let's do what you want to do."



champion. The plates of honor are held until there occurs another brand of the sport concerned — another style of play.

If you are a Rugby League follower, you certainly have not forgotten the French Rugby League team which toured Australia and New Zealand last year. They had looked forward with enthusiastic anticipation to meeting Australian teams and learning how the game really should be played. What a shock we suffered — players, mistakes and critics. The journalists said that the visitors were wobbards. They were delightful and exhilarating. Their combination, as well as individual play, was a revelation. The Frenchmen had not been dulled by regular contact with other international teams.

As the fleet France saw the game, the idea was to advance the ball down the field, with the object of forming it behind the goal-line of the opposition. To them that was simple enough. Primary requirement was possession of the ball, and possession of the ball had to be maintained in such a way that the opponents were not able to take it away.

They passed that ball from one to another as though it were threaded to an imaginary line. From seven-half to centre if travelled, and if the centre three-quarter was not able to penetrate the defence, the ball

came back, still in the hands of the attackers.

To the French players it was just too rudimentary, but to us English, it was a new brand of football. The visitors won the series. Their victory was due to their technique. It was new to our boys. Once again, an improved technique won the day — in fact, it won several days.

It has been similar in all other sports. During the cricket season just completed, our batsmen found a brand of slow bowling which was a stranger to them. A diminutive, brown little member of the West Indies team turned the ball both ways, but was regarded as something of a cheat as he didn't bowl an orthodox swing "in." "Sandy" Ramamurthy was the character ... and little "Sonny" apologetically explained that he just couldn't bowl a leg-break with an off-break action. He bowled both breaks with the same action, and that angle action was different from any that the locals had ever encountered.

It disrupted both deliveries; and their problem was not to pick the bowler, but to make the correct guess about either spin.

Dark-skinned Freddy Dwyer invaded our shores (and our bairns) a couple of times. He disposed of our best pug and determined again for the Land of Diddly. Freddy was a fast and terrible puncher, whose left ... was

delivered according to a pattern that was often quite foreign to the dictates of the paybook. He threw them fast, often and successfully from positions that happened to be convenient to the temporary stance of his wily, ebony body. Much of Dwyer's pathetic success undoubtedly came from his ability to puzzle the unselected.

In a discussion of changes of technique and resulting champions of the consequent new order, the tennis game must receive honorable mention. For years the steady, dependable back-hand player took the trophies. Your good player was expected to stroke them back with accuracy, fluent wristy and consistency. Then came the "hot" game. The era of the carbon-cut and the overhand game. The violent mid-cutting and distilling smash brought a new type of champion and the game still carries his image. Who knows just what new style of play might be presented by some new champion this year, next year or sometime? And, then, no doubt, he will be copied by somebody who will supersede him.

Australian coach, all-rounder and scientist, Forbes Ceredig, has stated what he considers to be the answer to the riddle of superlative performance in the water. What makes a swimming champion? "As it is true of all human activities," wrote Ceredig, "so it is in swimming. We can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

"Suitable body build is a fundamental requirement or at least the inherent possibility to develop the necessary physique. Sometimes the swimmer's body takes more or less its final shape only in spite of other characteristics not present in a sufficient degree, we have a swimming prodigy who makes his mark early and develops speed and endurance, improving with each swim. Others attaining this suitable build hold it for a while and flesh trips the swimming limelight for only a year or two."

"Let's look at the build of our champion."

"To start with, the swimmer will generally strike one as being heavy for his height. The number (and the occasional exception of the pure swimmer) and the great majority of champion swimmers are poor specimens in physical appearance. One needs no expert knowledge to distinguish the lean, greyhound-like runner, the tall, sinuous, rarer, the compact, heavily-muscled weight-lifter or the rounded, chunky body of the swimmer."

"The 'roundness' of the champion swimmer means that he has more adipose tissue (fat) in a layer beneath the skin. His aim is to carry this extra weight because the weight of his legs, has to support his weight. The fat has the important function of lowering the specific gravity of the body and this helps it to float. It also helps keep the swimmer warm, acting as insulation. The Channel swimmer knows this."

As far back as 1922, swimming coaches in the United States had introduced a floating test by which to classify their prospective champions. The test sorted the swimmers into three groups: — a middle distance and distance races. The men being tested

floated face down in the water, with arms outstretched. A swimmer was found in the distance between the heels and the surface of the water. That was the index to the floating man's most suitable competitive distance. The likely 1500m. champion invariably floated with their legs near or at the surface. The swimmers' backs were lower, and the heels of the possible 400m. team man, of course, reached a depth some halfway between the other two.

All this floating business concerns "specific gravity." And while we're being all scientific about the subject, we'll call Professor Frank Cotton into the discussions. We couldn't have a better man than he. Sport Scientist Cotton is Professor of Physiology at Sydney University; he was a champion swimmer in his pre-professorial days.

Prof. Cotton doesn't gainsay the importance of the specific gravity of the body. By no means, but—in that functionally weird way of his—he does point out that it is only one aspect. He once collected the heights and weights of more than a thousand students so that he could assess an average build. After careful study of records and students, he evolved a formula which calculated an index of build. It is:

Height \times 25 (in inches).

Weight \times .25 (in pounds).

Maybe it looks bizarre at first glance, but it is really fairly simple—and very handy for calculating unsophisticated adaptability to sport. It merely means that you take the cube of a man's height in inches and divide the result by his weight in pounds multiplied by .25.

This an extremely lean subject would be calculated as something more than, for instance, 130, while a really fat fellow could reach 25 or 45.

The test was applied to a large group of all-round track athletes, who averaged close to the 100 mark. The leaner man (who strode over the long distances, such as the five miles, 10 miles and the marathon) were indexed at approximately 110. Nearly all outstanding swimmers show an index of build of below 100. Furness (who is 5'11" 161 lbs tall and 161 lbs) indexed at 90. Our own John Marshall (who is now 12th 161 lbs) was calculated at 94.

Most Australian remember Professor Cotton's tests with his cycling ergometer and his rowing ergometer. He used the latter machine to select from a crowd of novices, a crew of four. There were two boys who had recently left school and two men who had never pulled a stiff. He coopted them, at the end of a single session, the "coupe de grace" four won both junior and senior State titles.

The Professor's marathon tests also interested an inquisitive public interviewed on the day of the 1950 something championship in Sydney, he stated—

"We have been taking blood tests from these athletes because the changes that take place in the blood under the stress of exercise have a deep significance to body efficiency. The body under stress of exercise is similar to the body struggling against disease. For instance, the white cells in the blood may even double in number during strenuous exercise. We must remember that the white cells in the blood help us to combat

disease. Today's marathon race is providing a unique opportunity for observation of characteristic blood changes."

When Marshall commenced his seaport at Yale University under the control of perhaps the world's greatest swimming coach, Bob Kiphuth, he was a willowy 161 lbs. The American was generally satisfied with Marshall's style, but he considered that the youngster should use a more powerful arm pull. Marshall was not built with a powerful upper body, so Coach Kiphuth decided to alter his build and overcome this minor deficiency.

John Marshall spent a full season without resistance, comparatively, but he worked harder than any other student on the swimming squad. There was ground work, weird work, group and individual work, and there were hours of exercises with the puller weights. The result was a new John Marshall—a deep-chested, chunky-shouldered, and whose arm drag could rival that of "Tartan" Wenzelmaier, champion of year-after-year.

Then the records started to tingle. But the success didn't come. In a letter to Forbes Carrile, the Victorian wrote from Yale: "Using a heavy medicine ball (100lb) we sit and throw it over our heads 100 times, then between our legs 100 times. Then 150 to 200 times with high pulleys, sideways with each arm and with both arms down the middle 200 times. All this is fast. This after half an hour of flat-out calisthenics! Then we started swimming training."

That is a sample of Bob Kiphuth's formula—the system which has

pepped Marshall up to world standard. Would an Australian trainer use the same methods? Would an Australian trainer do what he was told by such a coach?

ONE of the most outstanding physiologists alive today is Dr. Thomas K. Curzon, of Springfield, USA. The sport-minded doctor, like any good Professor Cotton, has applied hundreds of tests to thousands of athletes, and he has studied dozens of photographs of past champions. He discovered that there was a similarity of build among the top-notchers of certain sports. Jumpers, high jumpers and pole vaulters have longer than average length of leg from the knee down. They also have greater overall leg length in relation to the body.

Weight-lifters and wrestlers have short stumps compared with length of body trunk. Most divers are in the same group. The typical record-breaking sprinter is a well-muscled man built on the lithesome pattern.

It would seem that the learned genry who have applied science to sport performance have pointed out that one of the key essentials for a champion is that he should be built to suit the requirements of his sport.

Naturally a coach plays an important part in production of the best possible performance from his charges. In this regard Dean R. Crowell, of the University of Southern California and coach of the US Olympic athletes was without peer. He was a legendary paroxysm of chameleons and a magical dispenser of epigrams. Months before departure time, Crowell proclaimed his absolute certainty that his team would win the Games, even though current figures showed that over-



"Well, yes. It looks like my signature. Why?"



"Oh, how lovely! I'll wear it always."

some athletes were better than the US boys in several events.

Cronwell knew what he was doing. His history proves that he has an uncanny power to create a phenomenal improvement from a team member at a big meeting.

MODERN coaching aids are as important to the success of a champion as is the presence of a capable coach.

In America motion pictures have been used for some time by coaches of professional sports teams, particularly in gridiron football, track and field sports, baseball and swimming and diving. Some of America's most outstanding coaches of inter-collegiate athletics have expressed their opinions of the use of motion pictures as coaching aids:

"We take moving pictures of all the games" wrote one college football coach. "We have them developed and sent back to us about Tuesday noon. An announcement is made to the crowd that the pictures will be shown at 2:30 on Thursday afternoon. The crowd is not expected as a whole to be at the showing but those men who have free time come to see them. We usually have about a third of the squad looking at the picture."

"We find that there is a great deal that escapes us during the game that we can pick up on Tuesday ... the players who set their noses very forcibly against mistakes that they made. Then again on our open practice, we will let the men look at themselves in the next game or games. We have made a habit of taking a movie on our final practice sessions, and earlier in the fall we show that several times and let the boys see themselves in action. They sometimes make mistakes on the field, but when these mistakes flash us on the screen, they cannot help being convinced."

Such a use of the 16 mm stock is of tremendous value to the sports coach (team and individual), but the expense involved would make it impractical for the Australian amateur or club. The basic accounts of most endowed colleges in the States are enormous (over one million dollars) so derived from benefactors bestowed by deceased individuals.

Say Wolf Head Football Coach of the University of North Carolina must have been able to say "I paid for something" the "something" which the author was making instructional film, the first more than 25,000 feet film, the first more than 25,000 feet of 16 mm film on football drill and practice film—and that was back in 1937-38. Coach Wolf claims "We have found that a boy, seeing himself in action, will study his particular style of play ... and will improve upon it."

DARTMOUTH College (USA) was for many years renowned for its athletic prowess on the track. The Dartmouth Track Coach also once observed the value of the film as a coaching aid: "We are receiving pictures exclusively in developing our boys in track. We have a fairly good collection which we have taken and have divided the pictures as follows according to events—Running events, hurdling events, jumping events, weight events, relay events. With this material we do not have to go through a lot of films to show the

respective athletes their own events. It saves time and we can run these pictures over several times, until the boys grasp the technique, etc. I taught and taught something if it takes many showings before the boys get the right methods instilled in their minds. One or two showings are not much help."

"It helps a lot, simply because the boys do not readily grasp our verbal instructions when they see the pictures a few times they can grasp what we continually try to tell them."

Members of the American Olympic Diving Team (which represented the States at the 1936 Games at Berlin) were similarly trained on acetate prints as coaching aids:

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He gives six reasons:

(1) Appreciation of the importance of relaxation; conscious direction for greater efficiency of individual movement; and conservation of energy when endurance is important.

(2) The ability to train the body muscles to respond to tension. Athletes were even encouraged to carry headhairs. Nowadays they are advised to retain a mental attitude of determination but to resist the urge to tense the muscles. Chiropractic in my sport might be less easy because they are relaxed.

(3) In squatting — particularly over the last 20 yards of a 100-yard race — it is important to make initial relaxed movements. Jesse Owens, holder of world speed records, speaks of coasting in a "loose race." Former NZ champion Lovelock talked of the times when near the end of a middle-distance sprint he used to relax himself "soothingly." Relax, relax.

(4) In the US, where there are many top class sprinters, men who can't yet sprint still chance to other events.

Skaters include Towns and Billard (solar bobsledders) and Cornelius Johnson. Johnson had beaten Empire Games sprint winner Cyril Holmes (Britain) but turned to high jumping, in 1938 he won the Olympic title.

In Australia in the past a low squatting standard had the opposite effect.

(5) Better understanding of methods of training to bring an athlete into top condition for competition.

(6) Interest creates enthusiasm regardless in athletes being fitted into events for which their physique is best suited. Tell me for high jump, big men for field events such as shotput, and so on.

Rose (US) — the first man to put the shot more than 60 ft — was 60 ft and weighed 20 stone.

Three US pole-vaulters at the 1936 Olympics were 6ft 2in. One of them, Meadows, won with a leap of 12ft 8in.

The first four place-getters in the high jump at Berlin in 1936 were men over 6ft — Johnson 6ft 3in, Britain 6ft 3in and Thuner 6ft 3in (USA), and Catoos (Finland) 6ft 4in.

In contrast, Australian high jump champions have been shorter men, except our present Olympic champion, John Winter (Western Australia) who is nearly 6ft 4in.

(7) Finance, which enables American associations to provide the best training.

(8) Government's appreciation of the importance of continued greater athlete sport in building good citizens through the discipline provided.

There you have it! If you are correctly built, have the funds available, have mastered the most efficient techniques, are headed by one of the best coaches, have been pored over by the scientists—and if you really are very good — Australia may have a world beater in the midst. Go to it, Champ!

Came, medics, who was . . . the first ophthalmologist?

THE Chinese take great care

here but in many things had effective ophthalmology many years before they were known to white people. Which Chinese first used the ophthalmoscope has not been recorded, but the references remain. The Chinese surgeon merely looked at the patient's eyes with a lantern and turned on. The first (possible) ophthalmologist as we know it was "self-taught," it was first used in December, 1861, and January, 1862 by Dr. Ernest W. Lang, of Jefferson, Georgia (USA). In March, 1862, he placed an ether soaked pad over the face of James M. Venable and removed a tumor from the man's brain. His? No? Two dollars twenty-five cents.

film stock. A slow-motion picture of the complete Chinese doctor routine was used to familiarize them with the requirements of judges and committee. J. Robert Hubbard, an American journalist cum coach, wrote an article in the American Cinematographer a decade ago. His title was "Catching an Olympic Team With Movies."

Among other things this instructive writing man stated: "Even if you are an Olympic champion and can do all the dives to perfection, if taken more than pandolena, or dentine straight to put over the fact that in one dive — just as you are three-quarters through your second backstroke somersault — you throw your head forward while in another dive, which looks exactly like the first, you throw your head backward."

Mr. Hubbard, unlike his married female namesake of nursery rhyme fame, seems to have been a character who earned a solid stack of the night ideas in his cupboard.

AUSTRALIA'S leading athlete coach authority and ex-Olympian, Jack McLeod, also has an explanation why athletic performances were continuing to improve; and why Aus-

LAST MATCH

THE KILLER CAME BACK—
TO SLAKE HIS HATRED ON
THE SON OF THE MAN
WHO BROUGHT HIM TO BOOK

SQUATTING on his bed, the 30-year propped against his knees, Ben Hathaway rolled another cigarette. The sand around him was littered with brown paper butts, smoked close to the high-water mark of his lips, and an empty tobacco bag lay among them. But he had almost a full sack left, enough to see him through.

Judging by the sun, soon was still two hours away. It was going to be another scorcher, but Ben knew how to endure it. He had stood worse than this, on the feed gang where he had spent most of his six-year term. The road gang had taught Ben to take things easy, and to wait.

A shadow swept toward him across the small, brush-covered ravine below. Ben brought the rifle up across his knees. But it was only the shadow of one of the three bandits which had been attracted there by the two dead horses which lay, still saddled and braded, in the ravine. Near them was the cold sag heap that had been a branding fire.

The shadow lifted past and Ben relaxed.

Nothing moved. Ben finished the cigarette and stood up for a look around, to make sure no one was wandering this way. No wonder they called that small, alkali-polluted, sun-blasted Inferno the Hellhole!

His eyes returned to the break, and Ben's face twitched with a flicker of impatience. Down there, Sam Goodell's son and stepson had been warming from his rifle, cowering under the dry, dusty brush, trying to fade into the natural color of the sand like a pair of barned toads. A whole day they had been there.

"But it won't be long, no more," Ben whispered, squinting again.

Sam Goodell had been the prosecutor who sent Ben up for one-to-ten on a compromise jury verdict, for killing his sweetheart with a rifle, from a hundred yards behind her. Circumstantial evidence was all he had, yet Ben ran when Sam sent for

him, and they had to send a posse after him. And in court Sam bemoaned away at fast flight, calling Ben names that only a Texas ridge would tolerate.

Six years now Sam's son and shadow were pawing down there in the brush, and Ben was waiting faithfully and raw nerves to drive them out. He did not dare to stir the brush after them, because the stepson had a gun, a .45.

"But he could wait."

IT was now just forty-eight hours since Ben had ridden into Sapin, sixteen miles to the south-west. He had in front of the general store and went inside.

"Howdy," Ben said, and it was his first word since he told the warden, "Sare, sare. All right," when they discharged him.

Both men awakened. The clerk jumped up, yawning. "Howdy, stranger. Come on in taking our siesta. Something I can do for you?"

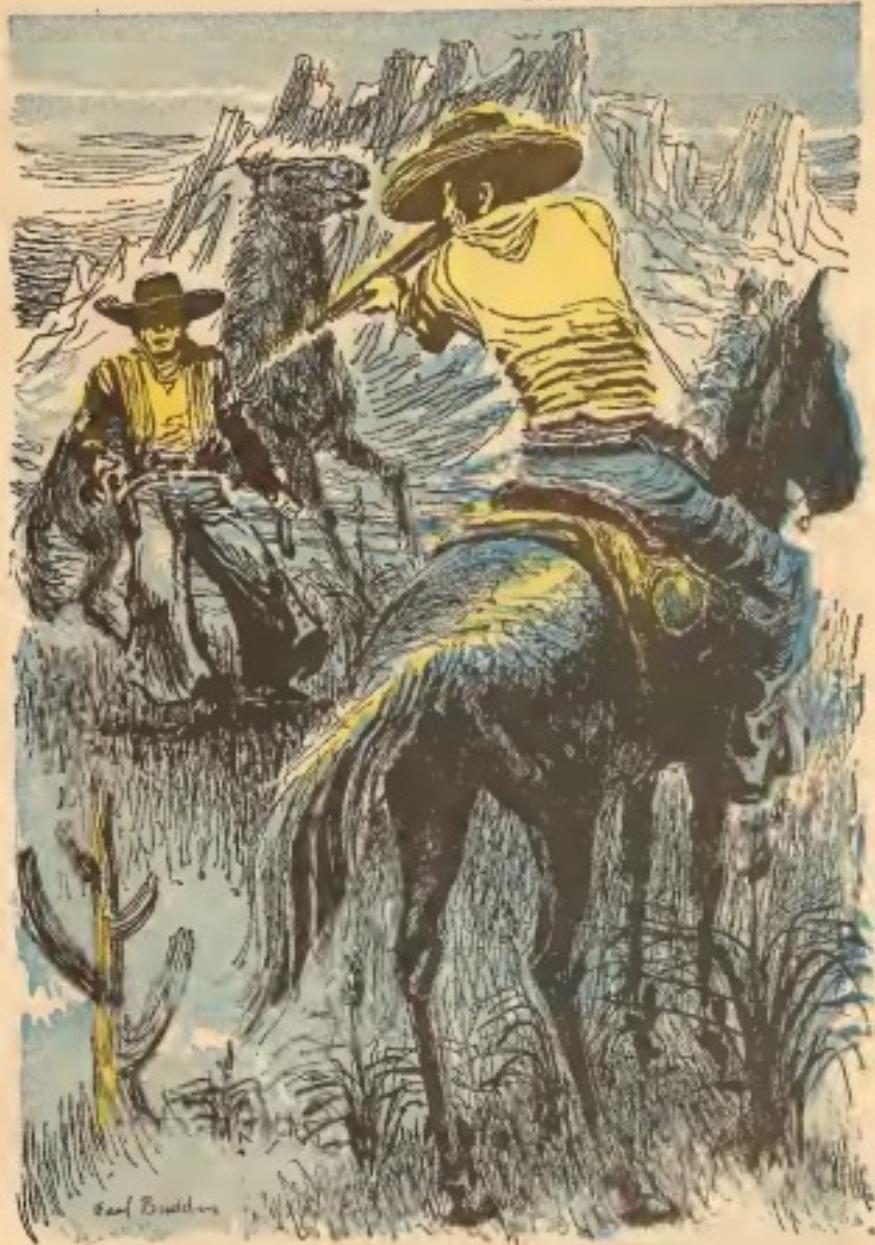
Ben bought two sacks of tobacco, partly to give the way for overtime, partly because he needed it. He had learned tobacco's deep, satisfying solace on the feed gang. A man could build up his tons, day by day, mostly by forgetting how long it really was, and thinking ahead only to the next cigarette.

Other prisoners, looking Ben's silent, ferocious stared, never had much to look forward to except eventual release, which was always too far away to help a man through an interred day. They went crazy, they attacked armed guards with their bare hands, and died still owing time. Not Ben.

"Time for a break," the guard said, every hour. No time to stroke their shovels, but for five minutes they could lean on them and smoke and talk. Ben never wasted time in gabbing. The others, he saw just talked one another into despair, whittling away at their misery with woods. Ben just smoked. When the

* BY JOHN JO CARPENTER

Ben knew only. His first shot hit the sheath
man in the chest like went up on his hind legs...



guard called out, "Fall to!" Ben aimed his mind, like a gun, at the single target of the next cigarette.

An hour a day, he had built his six years.

"Riding through?" the clerk asked curiously. "Not much doing this time of year. In the fall, though, there's plenty of work. Takes lots of help for round-up, open country like this."

"Looking for a friend," Ben said, prodding at the top of one of the tobacco smoke. "I heard he bought himself a cow ranch here. Know where I can find Sam Goodsell."

"That'll take some doing. Sam's been dead a year." The clerk hastily added, "Aw, I'm plumb sorry. Didn't mean to josh," when he saw Ben's bitter disappointment. Ben's hands

shook as he pried apart the loops of string closing the tobacco sack.

"Dad?" he managed to say, turning to look out on the street, to hide his tears from them.

The street had been empty when Ben had been there. Now a tall, sheep-shouldered man was leading a shaggy-chested mare out of the blacksmith's shop. Newly shod on her front feet, the mare was skittish.

"There's Sam Goodsell's lad," the clerk said. "Sleep of a horse, isn't he?"

Ben stared. "Sam's lad?" Why, last I seen him down along the river, Sam's lad wasn't no more than knee high. "Well, his appearance Sam warned a widow, Mrs. Wada. That's her boy, Dave. Sam's own boy's about fourteen, I guess."

"OK!" Ben watched the tall youth step suddenly onto the saddle and turn the mare with a firm hand. The horse bolted out of sight, the lad riding him with a swagger. "Stepson, you say. How old is he? Come into Sam's property, too, I guess."

"Twenty-two. Him and the lad shared it. Good, level land, that boy's got his running the Hellhole himself and done a right smart of a job Sam set a heap of store by. Didn't leave his trustee over him. Made him god-damned his own lad, Lee."

"Oh!" Again Ben turned his back as they wouldn't see the way it changed. He was beginning to feel light-headed again.

He stumbled out and crawled up the ladder to stare after him.

"I don't like your eyes, as I thought. And he's got a shift in his saddle boot. And he's stiff in his trying to catch up with Dave. See his legs? Mama Old Sam made a lot of enemies down there while he was sound attorney 'Speaker' that was some cor-rect now."

"No conceit ever had a color like that," the clerk said. "Prison blues them white."

"Blood grange don't."

The clerk came to the door to watch.

"Wonder if, maybe, we hasn't ought to slide out and warn Dave?" the clerk said uneasily. "Wouldn't do no harm."

But it was hot, and a long ride out to Hellhole, still the more they thought about it, the more foolish it seemed. A man just didn't ride fifteen, sixteen miles in that heat for nothing.

In thirty minutes they had forgotten, and were asleep again.

CATTLE had been riding down down there in the ravine, and it was a good time to break the chestnut in to her shoes.

"Wouldn't do no good to argue, Lee. You're going to make a herd, so you might as well saddle old Pete and come along," he told his stepbrother, Sam's son. "They have their damned calves down there in the spring, when it's green and thick, and they won't get any better sense than to go back. Well breed what calves we can catch and round them all up to the hills."

They found five unbroken calves. On the fifth, Dave got a rope-burn on his wrist. Lee was treating it with oregano "Vape" when it happened.

Lee's hat sailed off. Something squashed through the air and went plow in the sand. Lee dropped the dope bottle and pawed at his hair, surprise making his boymish face vacant.

Then came the flat rifle crack, rattling across the ravine. Lee had old Sam Goodsell's hair-trigger nerves.

"Son-of-a-bitch shot at me," he bellowed shrilly, diving for the brush.

The rifle cracked again as Dave sprang for the horses, yelling, "Come on! Don't get caught sleep here, you darned fool." He had already spied Ben lightning up on the bank. He gained the saddle in one long-legged lunge and could have spurred out of range, but he held in the rocky chestnut, shouting for Lee.

All he could see was moving brush



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as the terrified boy plunged in deeper. The rifle followed Lee, rather than Dave, the man on the bank twisting to trace the boy's missing course. The gun cracked again and Dave understood. Old Sam had received plenty of threats in his lifetime. Nothing scared him, until he knew he was leaving Lee half-grown and fatherless.

"Take care of him, Dave," he begged, the last day he could talk.

"I sent some men men where they belonged, in my day, and there's no sense right take it out on him. Or on you?" "Tito Mingo Cheevoe, or the Poco boys, or Ben Holliday." Old Sam's mind was beginning to wander with fever.

* * *

Dave had a .45 on him, with five bullets in it, the hammer down on an empty chamber, for safety's sake. It was a tool, not a weapon, he used it for killing coyotes and other preying varmints, and for putting sick critters out of their misery.

He grabbed at the gun, unthinkingly, and spinned the chestnut at the man up there with the rifle, yelling, "Hit the dirt, Lee—but the dirt!" There was no breeze moving out there now. He couldn't tell whether Lee had already died for cover or had been hit.

Dave turned coolly. His first shot hit the charcoal more in the chest, just as she scrambled up the bank. She went up on her hind legs and backwards, her new, shiny shoes twinkling in the sun. Dave kicked free and threw himself, head first, at the ground. He lit on his shoulder and kept rolling, hearing the ugly sound as the exertion's snap cracked when she fell on her back.

For a moment, the dead horse was between Dave and Ben, and by the time Ben had moved down the bank, Dave had buried into the brush, his heart pounding. He lay there, picturing and quivering, trying to get used to the unbelievable fact of being shot at.

From where he lay he could see his dead mare, the smouldering burning fire, and old Pete, whom they had fed. Pete was spared; he hated work, and would meet home every chance he got.

As Dave watched, Ben shot the old horse. The slug hit him high up in the belly. He sat down ludicrously, like a dog, and looked around as though curious to see what made him hurt so bad. Why he tried to move it hurt worse, and he screamed.

LE GOODSKILL, his freckles lined brownly on his white face, came squatting up beside Dave.

"You hurt, kid?" Dave grunted.

"No. Only where I screamed myself," Lee whispered.

"Gone to get out of this," Dave panted. "Show up too soon here."

They crawled on, Lee in the lead, Dave lying back over his shoulder now and then. Apparently Ben had seen the .45, for he came down to the edge of the brush bank and went back. Dave gritted his teeth, praying the man would come in after them. There were those could live in war, and a .45 was a better weapon in brush than a long-barreled .30-30.

They crossed the alkali scrub, and Dave caught Lee's ankle, signalling gun to stop. He pointed up to where Ben stood.

NOW and then, that first afternoon, Ben detected them. They always tried to be seeing him, so they could watch him break the 30-30. They got so they could tell when he saw them, when he merely pretended to, to make them move. Several times his startling shots came close.

Each time they squirmed in new hiding places. It was hard to keep from jumping up and running, but since old Pete's death, Lee's nerve held as well as Dave's. Each time the new cover protected them for a little while—until one of them moved inadvertently. or the relentless growing sun changed the lighting, or Ben's palely searching eyes detected them.

Night came, and their hopes rose, because they were young. There was an hour of half-darkness before the full moon brought almost daylight. While it was dimmed, Dave left Lee hidden in the brush, dangerously close to where Ben lived.

"You count up to five hundred," he whispered, "and then lay on your side and pitch a handful of pebbles under. Don't take chances — don't raise your head! I'll crawl down there and come in behind him. And if I ever get a load on him—"

It almost worked. Father Dave was slower than he expected or Lee counted too fast, for he was still not out of the savans when Lee threw the pebbles.



When Dynamite Fought Disease

It was a strange war, with men using modern explosives against treacherous insect.

Way back in 1910, an innocent-looking American scholar entered the Brazilian port of Rio. But that small scholar was to cause countries thousands of deaths. On board was a vector mosquito from yellow fever and a striped mosquito quickly spread the disease around the Americas. For 30 years the slaughter continued. In Rio de Janeiro alone between 1891 and 1924, 35,000 people died from that scourge.

Wingless appeals for help and medical advice failed. Brazil was known as the "land of the living dead," overseas steamship lines advertised that they avoided its ports. Thus yellow fever could be stamped out Brazil faced financial and physical destruction.

The answer came from young Dr. Oswaldo Cruz ... a Brazilian who had already made a name for himself by mapping out an epidemic of tobacco plants. The young doctor, however, faced difficult years as although his methods were reasonably accepted, he faced great opposition from conservative medical circles. Alcibiades, director of the Royal Council of Epidemics, believed that rigorous control of epidemics should be entrusted to a "young scientist." This group commenced a campaign which was to turn the popular tide of Rio against Cruz and the Government which supported him.

With Rio up in arms against him Cruz appealed to the members to stamp out the disease-carrying mosquito in its breeding place. 250 people co-operated to form the famous mosquito brigade, which crawled in khaki uniforms and armed with incisor, scorpion and spray gun, set about to rid the country of Yellow Fever.

During the next three years, the brigade paid 200,000 visits to Rio's 45,000 houses. A million and a half reservoirs, tanks, gutters and stagnant water receptacles were cleaned and kept clean. Some 2000 buildings were ordered demolished. Whole city blocks were dynamited. By February, 1921, there was no more yellow fever in Rio. The young Doctor and his small mosquito brigade had rid the country of the disease.

The independent demonstration of a young doctor, combined with the co-operation of citizens, saved Brazil. Now in Australia, today, co-operation is saving the world from swarms of locusts, Australia invasions. Through their free and independent Life Assurance Offices, three million Australians provide for the future security of themselves and their families.

... and at the same time their savings are being used for the benefit of the nation. Every Australian benefits through Life Assurance. Advertisement



"Oh, go ahead and eat it . . . it wouldn't dare disagree with you!"

Dave saw Ben stand up. For a moment he was sharply outlined against the night sky, just out of gun range. Dave lunged to his feet and ran toward him. Ben heard the crackling of the brush but he remained standing, peering down into the ravine. A cigarette glowed, darkened, glowed again rhythmically, in the corner of his mouth.

Dave was within a dozen yards when he tripped. Ben whirled and started the rifle down. It barked twice and Dave heard the shots smash into the sand less than a yard away. He rolled for cover, lost his head, and pumped three wild shots back in return.

Afterward, as he lay panting, almost crying, in the brush, he cursed himself. If he had only taken his time! If he had only knifed them, after he'd trapped, and taken his chances! He could see Ben better than Ben could see him, and it wasn't the longest shot in the world for a .45.

But he had blundered, and there was only one abel left in the .45. He crawled back toward Lee, who could see Ben pressing tamely up and down the bank, and who did not need to ask questions.

The exercise, the excitement, had made Dave's dry mouth ache with pain. Tomorrow, he realized, they would feel worse than this just lying still. If only they had water, they might have a chance to outlast him. Water was their weakness, Ben's strength. Dave's mother would not be alarmed at one night's absence; the Hollidays was a big range and a man just couldn't ride it for supper every night.

But if they went a second night, he knew she would take alarm. All that would be required would be for someone to ride out far enough to spot those hunters, whistling birds.

But without water, with a single bullet left, there was no use fooling themselves. Lying there in the

dark, Dave cursed himself for squandering their luck.

"If I'd only come in here after us," he kept saying.

Hathaway didn't come. He knew better than to walk into the brush, with a long-barreled rifle, against a man with a six-gun. What was another day or two of waiting, after six years? Hathaway could stand it, and they couldn't.

That was last night.

BEN thought he knew every square foot of that ravine by the time the hunting's shadows started him the second day. The roar of the gang-sleds, the growl of the motor, gave him peculiar powers of concentration, of remembrance. He could turn his back and still see, clearly and in detail, the brush-covered floor of the ravine.

They were pretty smart, those two, but they didn't eat much except without water. It was getting hotter, drier. Little dust-devils blew up and down the ravine, every few minutes. The sagebrush constantly was suppressed. Dave Wade was taking every advantage of these. He waited until the air was full of fine dust, in the wake of these little whirlwinds, before he moved.

Again Ben rolled a cigarette, grumbled silently because paper and tobacco were both damp with sweat. He stuck the cigarette in his mouth and reached up to the band of the snow-members for a match.

"Geeves!"

It was the first word he had spoken in a whole day. The damp head of the match came off, leaving a blue streak on the rock. He took his hat off and looked at it, marvelling. It must be hotter than ever today; he had sweat clear through the shirt.

He had tobacco, matches and paper out on the hot blossom. It wouldn't take long for them to dry. While waiting, he stood up and took a long pull from the big canteen. He had three more like it, big two-gallon cans, back where he had tied his

horse, a quarter of a mile away. For feed, he had a quarter's worth of grain. Many a time he had gone longer, worked harder, on less.

He stood there, sucking the unlighted cigarette, studying the ravine uneasily. The sweat paddled out of his armpits and ran down his legs, work-wornened side muscles. He twisted the sticky shirt away from his body angrily. When he couldn't smoke he got fatigued, and when he got fatigued it seemed like the sweat just poised over him.

It suddenly occurred to him that he had not seen anything of Ben since shortly after sunrise, when he had surprised the older one and driven him to cover as he probed the far edge of the patch, surveying it as a possible get-away. Ben knew they never would try that. Once out on the barren alkali plain, they were his meat.

Maybe they were already dead! A savage animal, exhausted, shooed his whole body. He took a step toward the rock, as though to drop and find out, and his instinct rebuked. He staggered and drew away the match cigarette which had caught a wisp of sweat from his nose. Already, he reached for paper and tobacco and rolled another, but the matches were still not dry.

The later and steeper part of the ravine turned out suddenly into small, sheltered coves in the half-worned clay. The paper and the cigarette point, Walker's rifle, with the rifle cradled under his arm. Ben started around to the other side. If he couldn't see them from one side, maybe he could from the other.

He was halfway around when he reached up absently for a match. Then he remembered he had left them back on the rock. He hesitated, then resumed his walk to the other side. It was lower here, but it gave him a new perspective.

Sure enough, there they were, apparently both asleep, as close as they could get to the other side. He hit the rifle. It was a long shot, but it would at least show whether or not they still lived.

He fired, and just then a dust-devil came whirling down the ravine, laying a veil of fine, thin sand that beatened it. He grounded the rifle butt, waiting patiently. When the dust had settled, the two were no longer there.

HE was sure he had missed, but at least he had learned something. By merely walking around now and then out of range of the .45, he could multiply their misery. For when he moved, they had to move with him.

He started back. He had reached the top of the ravine when he saw Dave Wade stand up and break out of the brush, running for the bank and Ben's canteen. He staggered, but these long legs still covered a lot of ground.

It was not a long shot for the .30-30 but Ben missed two quick ones because surprised summed him, and because he was fatigued from need of a stool. For six years he hadn't gone so long without one. For six years, however, had kept his hatred alive, and therefore kept him alive. Even during the night they had allowed him to sit up and smoke. The guard called out softly, each time,

"Wait you, Ben? Susan?" They joked that they could get their vitamins by him. They allowed him little things like that because he had become a "good" passenger.

The gullied bank was rough enough to hide Dave as he crawled toward the top, but the sunlight was a plain sight. Since he couldn't hit Dave, Ben knelt to fire at the canteen. Then another just-devil came snarling between them, and he lost his temper and fired through it blindly—again and again and again, until the can was empty.

He retreated at immediately. He retreated as fast as he could, but he still wasn't ready to fire when he saw Dave jump over the bank with complete disregard for comfort and safety. The big canteen hung over one arm.

Miraculously, he lit on his feet, staggered and kept running. He hit the brush and threw himself into it like a dive. Ben mopped his face.

"Lost my head," he told himself. "I got sidetracked when I made a mistake."

He returned quickly to the bushes. He had chewed the cigarette until nothing was left but bitter fragments. He spat them out, rolled a new one and absently bathed it as he scanned the brush patch again. The burning sun had dried the tobacco out quickly. It burned fiercely, and the hot smoke made him feel stronger.

That little dab of water wouldn't help them much. They had gained not more than an hour or two of miserable life. He still had enough water to share with his horse, according to plan, and get away to the north.

DAVE had trouble getting Lee awake when he got back with the canteen. The boy's face was almost black with sunburn. His swollen lips were cracked.

The first cautious steps between his split lips seemed to loose a wildcat on him. He lunged at Dave, and Ben saw the brush move and sent in a shot that came close. Dave looked Lee back with his booted foot, and the boy lay there motionless, with just his eyes alive.

"Come on. He's not us spotted," Dave snarled, tugging at the boy. Another shot cracked in, but Lee didn't move. Dave washed the canteen. "Come on, kid, and I'll give you a drink."

"A drink?" Lee saw the canteen for the first time, and understood why the throbbing in his mouth was not so painful. He reached along after Dave, and Ben continued to pepper the brush back of them.

He saw tears in Dave's eyes as Dave held the canteen for him. Yet a great defiance he heard Dave telling him how to swallow. The canteen was taken away, and Lee closed his eyes.

"How long before it's dark again?" he begged.

"A long time," Dave answered, and Lee's heart fell.

Then he heard Dave chuckle. The drunk had shared Lucy's own head a little. He looked up. Dave sounded crazy.

"A long time," Dave repeated, with that same crazy laugh. "Long enough for him to go plumb loco. I grabbed

the son-of-a-gun's matches. Maybe I missed a few, but I got most of them, see!"

He held out the matches.

"I watched him for a long time. He's one of them that's got to have a smoke every hour or he can't stand it. When he can't have no more, he'll come in here after us, because he won't have no better smoke. I never seen."

"And when he does, I got one shot left. And this time I won't make no more fool mistakes."

Dave rolled over, handing the canteen to Lee.

"Thanks, kid. Ain't enough there to hurt you."

* * *

It seemed perfectly sensible to Ben when, a few hours later, he went in after them. It was almost dark and he didn't want to spend another night out here, especially without a smoke.

Every time he remembered reaching down without looking to scratch that last match, his stomach would rage. If only he had realized the rest of them were gone, he could have han-

ded a fire with that last one. His wouldn't have made a mistake like that, except for being so nervous.

He didn't realize he was nervous now, and seeking another match. The image of Sam Goodell had faded slightly from his mind. The man he really hated had his matches. He went into the brush after him, the silent gun at his back, the rifle gripped short. He stalked to a foot at a time, like the preying animal he was.

Dave let him get within 8 dozen feet before he rose with the 45 aimed on his left shoulder. See swinging the rifle around, breaking brush aside with the barrel. He saw Lee, Sam Goodell's "spatun" name, stand up and run out of the tree of fire. Most important, he saw the little pile of matches at Dave's feet.

Dave fired, barely the .45 away, and raced toward the bank and the other canteen. Lee heard at his heels. Overhead, the boldest and wisest of the three buzzards began spiraling down. This time, as his shadow passed over Ben Mathlow, Ben didn't move.

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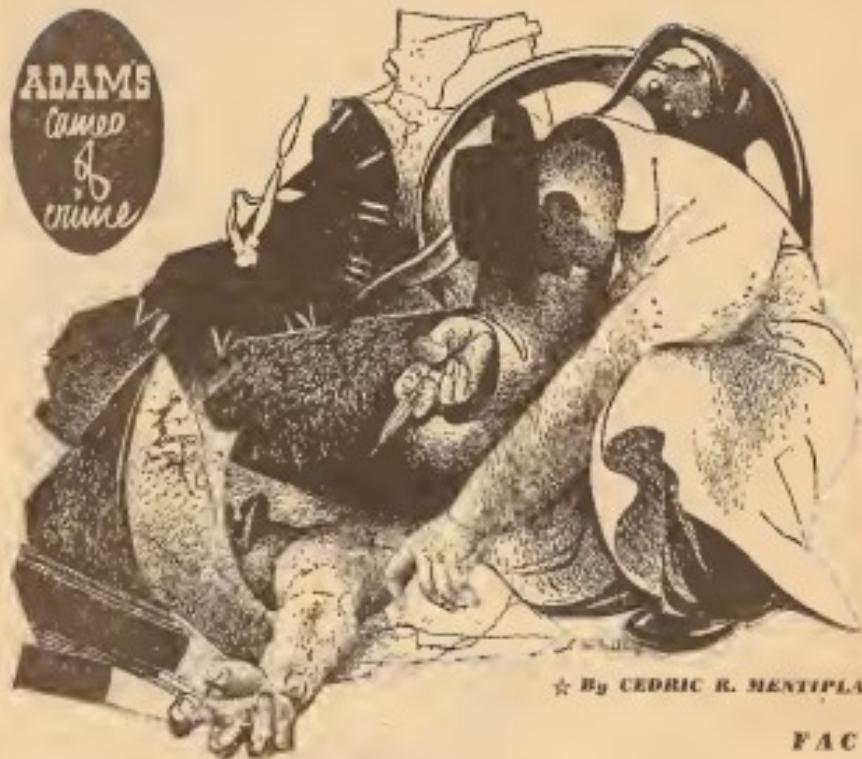
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ADAMS
Came
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★ By CEDRIC R. MENTIPLAY

FACT

CAN MURDER EVER BE JUSTIFIED?

Is there any fact strong enough to make a man kill
in the certainty that he is doing the right thing?

MURDER is murder—the pre-meditated killing of a fellow human being. The law says that, once proven, it can never be justified. A verdict of murder brings an automatic sentence of death or of life imprisonment. This kind of all-out curse is not condoned by any code of law observed by civilized man. All cherishes set their teeth against it.

But what about manslaughter, you say? Or what is known as justifiable homicide? Isn't it true that men who have killed have walked freely from the courts which have

convicted them of either one of these crimes? Of course it is—but there is a very big difference between manslaughter and justifiable homicide on the one hand, and murder on the other.

The pre-meditation angle separates the murderer from the manslaughterer. In the case of the justifiable homicide, the man striking the fatal blow or firing the fatal shot might be doing so in defense of his own life, or even of his employer's property, or even of the code of laws of the community. Men involved in killings such as this have earned

the commendation of the court—but no court in any civilized country has ever condemned what it believes to be murder.

Here is the big question: Can murder itself ever be justified? Where a killing has occurred, and the fact of premeditation has been established, can the man responsible ever be deemed to have acted wisely and without fault? Can one man, even in dire emergency, assume the role and power of a judge and decide that another must die?

BEFORE we answer that one, let us consider a few case histories. In each of these the facts are as stated, but in some of them the true causes and circumstances have had to be disguised—for these are cases which have never come to court.

The first concerns George Lumley, a major in the United States Army Air Force. George was a level-headed, deep-thinking fellow, not at all affected by the strain of his job or the fact that the squadron had been suffering fairly heavy losses at the time the incident occurred.

It would be easy to dramatize what he did—many fellow-American fliers take sides over the issue, fall into trap. But I know George, both before and after the accident, and I believe that dramatists were quite foreign to his nature. At the time of his greatest trial, he was the most sober man on Foggs' strip. He had to be, for his choice to assume a terrible burden.

Foggs, on the Adriatic coast of Italy, was considered by some experts to be sufficient reason in itself to justify the Italian campaign. In that autumn of 1943 it was one of the busiest bomber drovers of the whole massive Allied sweep. George, who had a group job, had seen a lot of Focke-Wulfs and Liberators lumber off with heavy loads consigned to Austria, Southern Germany, and Northern Italy.

He had seen a lot come back, too—some with ribbons of flame seeping from their fuselages, others with shattered landing gear, and control surfaces tailoring to the accuracy of enemy fire. George had done a lot of thinking about what he would do in certain circumstances; cold-blooded, clinical thinking designed to produce the quickest reaction in a time of emergency. As it happened, this was to be taken by an American court as premeditation of murder.

One day he was out watching the bombers returning from a routine show over Austria. One Liberator came in groggily, the port engine shot away, one wheel hanging askew. The crew contacted the pilot, but could not get much sense out of him. He was badly hurt, and so were some of his crewmen. Shoddily he refused orders to grab altitude and bail out. He couldn't be sure all his crew would follow him, he said. He was going to put her down on the ground.

The crash-wagon and ambulance revved up and moved out. The gunnery skirled a warning. Every man on the field was watching the big silver plane receding down the sky. George and others were gazing the chancery, watching how the Liberator came in over the edge of the strip, gauging where it would make contact. Then they scattered, some on foot, some in planes and trucks, racing for the point of impact.

The boomer flapped down on her belly at a hundred miles an hour and tipped up the stricken aircraft, gazing as she went. As the flaming mass of wreckage ground to a halt, a man fell out, then two more. The rescue squad grabbed another couple before, with a sizzling explosion, the petrol tanks began to go. The heat scorched the ground over a radius of

fifty yards or more. The rescuers, unprotected by asbestos clothing, were driven back.

And then from the wreckage came a high scream. It went on and on, so that war-tattered Air Force men covered their ears and cursed. They could see the man now, a young, fair-haired lad they all knew. He was shockingly injured, and impaled between twisted girders in the after part of the fuselage. A mass of debris shielded him from the full heat of the blast, withholding even that last misery. He was locked

And that should have been the end of it. I know that such things happened both before and after this particular incident. Usually they did not go any farther than the drum. Many aircrew members shook George's hand and swore they'd have done the same themselves, if they'd been quick enough. But the high brass decreed otherwise. George stood trial—for murder!

His evidence was simple enough. He even stated that he had walked in close, suffering extensive burns. "Because I wasn't a good pilot was a lie and I had to make one." They proved premeditation, and George went back from a military to a civil court, farther than ever from the man who had most cause to admire his courage and humanity. Finally a presidential order came in his rescue and the case was dropped—but not before George Lumley's name and deed were known throughout his native country.

The reaction seemed strange to the men on the field. People at home in usually air-conditioned journies argued on the merits and demerits of the case. What if the wind had changed or if the fire had died out before the injured man had been killed? Was George Lumley justified in sacrificing that the man was downed? Would it not have been more humane to stand by and let the victim die slowly, on the general theory that "while there's life there's hope?"

What do you think? And remember, if you find me George Lumley you are condoning murder!

HENCE is another case in which your verdict may very well be the other way. I shall not identify the unit concerned or the particular battle in which the incident took place beyond saying that it was one of the earliest battles between the pro-Montgomery British Army and Rommel's Afrika Korps.

At a critical moment in the battle, the men, we shall call John Davidson and his driver, Harry Wilson, lay in a hastily-arranged slit-trench while Jerry artillery and tank guns plattered the area. As commander of the unit, which was not an infantry one, John Davidson had a clear picture of the situation. It is doubtful whether any of his men knew exactly what was going on, except that they were getting a thorough "going over" and that some of their vehicles were burning.

It was one of those scrabbled, opportunistic, mobile column actions that the desert warfare alone produced—more like the manoeuvring of hostile fleets than of land armies. Without gone knowing it the Germans had taken an important step from which, as soon as they realized its value, they could dominate and outflank the Eighth Army position. If that happened, either the ridge would have to be taken by frontal attack in daylight or the whole wing of the army would be overrun by the tanks of Rommel's 15th Panzer Division.

John was a man of tremendous personal courage—the sort of fellow who literally does not know what fear means. That type of effort is apt to have little sympathy for the feelings of others. Crook—he stood in his slit-trench and appraised the

Speak up, surfers...

what's the record
high-side?

DON'T believe us if you don't

want to... but, according to the book, the highest dive so far made was made in 1912 from a cliff near Melbourne (Australia) by Alexander Wicksen, a native of the Solomons Islands and a champion swimmer. It appears that Wicksen let a bunch of bushes that he could jump from the cliff (which he had not seen). He did not know that the cliff was 285 feet above the water. The bushes offered 28 ft as one that Wicksen would not dare to dive, and 10 ft as one that he would not survive if he did. When he saw the spot, Wicksen at first refused to jump but finally made the leap rather than wait. He lived, but he was unconscious for days and his body was black and blue for months.

in a giant griddle, doomed to be roasted slowly, inevitably, to death.

As the would-be rescuers fell back with blistered faces and smoking uniforms George Lumley walked slowly past them. He didn't seem to care about the flames. His face was a hard mask, without emotion. In his right hand was his issue Colt .45 automatic. The screaming went on, a wavering, wordless appeal.

His own uniform unscorched, George passed deliberately. He fired once. Then again. The screaming stopped on a high note and men suddenly thanked God for it. The Geese roared on. As George came walking back out of the blazed area man could see that his uniform was blackened and charred to rag and that his white blisters were beginning to pull out of his exposed skin.

A staff-officier called up. Is it was some very high nose indeed. One fellow, with a fat gloving of gold on his shoulders, pointed out and shouted, "God, man! How could you do a thing like that?"

George was re-hospitalized his 45. He looked as if he had aged ten years. "I'd have done that for a dog," he said.

position through his binoculars. The ridge seemed to be lightly held. There was an opportunity to retake it at little cost—if a force could get forward quickly enough through that barrage. His station-wagon was nearly, half-down in a wash, with the trucks of the R.M.L.

"Blizy!" he called. "Get cracking! We're going forward! You other men follow me in your trucks. We're going to occupy that ridge!"

He ran back toward the shell-craters. Most of his men were aid soldiers, trained to stay. They checked their weapons, piled in their trucks, and advanced. Others lay in their slit-trenches, not quite game to get up. There was a sniffling. It wasn't their job. They weren't infantry. They were in enough trouble as it was. It was time they cleared out — to the rear, not forwards.

John couldn't find Blizy. He ran back to the slit-trench. Blizy was there, his face ash, his hands quivering uncontrollably. He'd just come close shaven recently — who hadn't? He just couldn't get up.

"On your feet!" yelled John. "That's an order!"

"Hell with your order!" Blizy chattered. "I'm staying here. Honest, skipper, I couldn't—"

"Up! It's your last chance! You're driving me mad!"

John hesitated. He had his Smith and Wesson .38 revolver out. He could see that Blizy was at breaking-point, that he was ready to start running madly to the rear. If he did so, who would follow? For a moment, as he stood, John was cut off from the view of the others. The crack of the enemy 50's and 108's drowned all other sounds.

Then John ran back to the station-wagon. He was alone. He revved his engine, put out the open, pointed her out into the open, "Mount up," he yelled, and waved the revolver in an oddly-theatrical cowboy fashion which was just right for the occasion. Then the car was plowing through the sand and shell-craters toward the ridge—with every truck that could move following.

The crazy charge was successful. The panzer grenadiers watched goggle-eyed as the lumbering jeep-like truck shot out into extended formation, crashed through the shell-crater, and mounted the shallow ridge to get right in among them. They were still marveling when a charging screen of cooks, gunners, drivers and signallers swept the ridge clean, got set, and belted back the belated panzer grenadiers.

That was all—except that a wild salvo party, covering the ground after battle, found Blizy Wilson. He still lay in his slit-trench, but he wasn't frightened any more. Between his eyes was a round hole made by a .30 calibre bullet, and the edge of the hole bore powder marks.

Of course, there was no inquiry. At the time, there was a great deal of talk about a certain officer intercepting a stray bullet—but any old soldier will tell you that such things seldom amount to anything. John Davidson saw the war out, and went home with a very severe case. His decorations included one which was awarded for that same desert show on the ridge. If his conscience ever bothers him, it leaves no outward signs of its nagging.

To himself he probably justifies his action by saying that this one death helped to save the lives of many more, that it might have saved the Eighth Army itself. The tension of the moment was such that, if Blizy had run to the rear, a score or even a hundred others might have followed him. If he had been heard yelling his commands and reciting no punishment a general mutiny may have broken out.

But did John have to shoot Blizy? Couldn't he have gone away and left the coward to his own devices? Did the shot have any effect on the success or failure of the charge? It is significant that none of the men

who knew the facts condones his action. Some of them pass it off as an error of judgment. The others describe it as "just plain murder."

THERE are many more war instances on the record, but the emergencies of peace are almost as frequent. Every now and then men find themselves in a position where they are robbers of life and death. It happens in maternity hospitals, where doctors suddenly find they must decide which shall live, the mother or the baby. Air, railway and road accidents, and great natural disasters such as floods and earthquakes, provide their quota of emergencies.

I was discussing this recently with a New Zealand doctor. Quite suddenly I found myself in the presence of another George Lamdry—a man who had something on his mind, something which took a great deal of carrying. It seems that, as a very young doctor indeed, he had found himself in the middle of the Napier earthquake of twenty years ago.

"I have seen towns which have been bombed and shelled, but never one like that," he said me. "The shock was lateral, and whole fronts of buildings crashed outward into the streets. Windows exploded and shattered, trapping the screaming victims as they ran. When he got there the quakes had been going on for some hours. Jets were racing away unbroken in a dozen points, and everywhere there was moaning and the intense rumbling sound of fresh destruction.

"I found myself dragged off by some wild-eyed citizens to the wreckage of what had been a big building. Now it was a shambles of crumpled masonry and flapping metal, and heaving with the ground. From somewhere in its depths came faint cries.

"Right then and there I had to fight it out with myself whether the risk was worth taking. My mission was to save life, but a dead doctor wasn't much good to anyone. However, the shades died down and I decided to go in."

"A hole about two feet square let me through into what had been the basement of the building. The floor had let go, clamping the whole mass down into the water in a maze of hanging girder and brickwork poised on nothing. I had a tooth, but there was nothing much to see. The place was full of fine dust, which still came raining down as the building shuddered on what was left of its foundations.

"I lay down again, very dolefully. I let myself down into a V-shaped rut in the rubble—and was suddenly knee-deep in water. From nobody I could hear a sound like a river tumbling into a pool. Then I reached out and touched a face. A voice said, 'Easy, Big. This way.'

"I awoke my torch. There were three of them, a man, woman and child. The child was dead. The man, with a foot-square concrete pillar across his stomach, was shockingly injured but conscious and rational. The water was at his throat as he lay face upwards, grinning at me.

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The woman was higher, and I could see that her lower left leg had been badly mangled by the steel beam which impinged her. I began to back out. To do any good I needed reinforcements.

"Then the man spoke again. 'There's no time,' he said, almost patiently. 'You bear that water? It's a burst main, and it'll fill this cellar in minutes. Look! You can see the level rising!'

"In the torch-light I could see the black water leaping higher, working up his throat. I stepped, hesitated at the pulse. More dust filtered down. The ground rocked again, and the pillar seemed to settle deeper. The man was in terrible agony but was more in control of himself than I was.

"You've a doctor, aren't you?" he gasped. "Get Ellen off. I'll take my chance. I'll stay with—the boy!"

"Somehow that stabled me. Quickly I did what had to be done. In the few minutes that remained I secretly moved the movement of the crushing wreckage. I completed the amputation with my hands limbering under the water that cascaded over my bath. I got her to the other staircase and somebody hauled us both up.

"And the man?" I asked the doctor. "Did he live after they got him out?"

The doctor shrugged. "That's what bothered me ever since I gave him morphine—an overdose—before I went to work on the woman. Sometimes drowning isn't a pleasant death. I saved him that. But I wonder—if I'd got help—." He paused, and added almost angrily, "It would have been no use. I tell you! That bath couldn't be moved!"

Murder again, eh? It's quite a familiar pattern—the doctor killing in order to save suffering. In the recent bypasses in Japan doctors gave lethal injections to eighteen people trapped in wreckage. When a truck-bound express piled up in California last May a doctor who had been a passenger found himself in the same profession as my friend—except that that time the main enemy was fire. He cut seven people out of the twisted remains of carriages—and killed three more before he could not reach at time.

AND then there is the mercy killer of another kind, the non-professional men or women who seem somehow to be or like loves doomed to a lifetime of suffering. The records of any major city abuzz with cases such as this. Reading these cases, one is often struck with the thought that the criminal—*for* the crime is still murder—a wiser than the code would approve him. The code says bluntly, "Thou shalt not kill"; but compassion says that a quick death is the humane verdict. Many doctors, again viewing the problem clinically, believe that a system of mercy killing, or euthanasia, as most people prefer to call it, would be beneficial to civilized communities. They would establish a medical board whose task it would be to determine when a person had passed all hope of recovery, when a continuance of life would bring only needless suffering.

By this system the incurably invalid, the people doomed to die of cancerous growths in the veins,

would be spared months and often years of agony in a quick release. Whenever such a suggestion has been brought forward there have been volunteers for the final treatment—some clear-thinking people who believe that in their own case there is no point in keeping the spark of life flickering.

But how go we, the people, resort to such a service? With horror and loathing, and a category "Not." The churchmen without fear of it, for it violates one of the main principles of Christianity as their interpreters. The law courts are dubious, for whose would be responsible for a "wrong decision"? The political insects turn them thumbs down at it, for it would prove too keen-edged a weapon in the hands of despots.

Remember Hitler? He and his boys had a theory of euthanasia, based on the superiority of the so-called Aryan race. The idea was hooked in with selective breeding for the production of a super race. All imperfect specimens were to be eliminated. There would be no idiots, no morons capable of perpetuating their own shortcomings. The system got well under way—and it was strange how many of the "superior specimens" were to be found in the ranks of the enemies of Nazism. The result was perhaps the greatest mass murder in history.

Then again, on this question of "superficial specimens" there is a simple checklist. Is it that perfection, as we dream of it, is theoretical? Would a race of perfect beings be perfect? It sounds paradoxical, but take an example simpler to follow.

In America some biologists breed some disease-free mice. Every normal animal has disease latent in its body, men have, too. But these biologists breed mice which from the moment of their birth were fed on sterilized food and made to live in sterilized air inside glass cases of sterilized glass.

Did that complete immunity free germs from the race? No, it did not. Theoretically they should have been perfect in the biological sense, but they were slow growers, weedy, backward, and when exposed to disease they fall over like a stack of cards. Their biological freedom from disease only made them the easier prey to the first disease that came along.

Now, turning back to humans and their perfection, we have physical specimens who are called "perfect"—but they are rarely the mental giants. We have geniuses whose minds have moulded the world—but they are rarely physically perfect. The fact is that the world has been made by imperfect people and although it is an imperfect world, every forward step is traceable to somebody who fell short of man's theoretical standards. In other words, men have fallen forward on their weaknesses!

It only takes a moment's thought to realize the truth of this. "With all her faults we love her still" is a very wise and true statement.

But the fanatical perfectionists of Germany believed that they would produce a super-race by eliminating physically imperfect people. They showed the world a cruel failure of

grisly and disgusting death. But had their principle been practised throughout the ages the world would have been free of geniuses—and the greatest and most influential characters would never have lived and worked.

So that, whatever the theoretical value of man might be, his practical perfection would be more of a loss than a gain in the accounts of history.

So it looks as if we shall have to stick to our code after all. This means that in emergencies we shall have to depend on brave, clear-thinking men like George Lamey and my doctor friend to shoulder the greatest of all burdens. There will continue to be mistakes such as John Doveton made, and conversely a lot of people will be deemed to die longer and agonizing deaths for the want of a surgical knife or bullet. We just don't seem to be wise enough to do otherwise.

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Corrigan earns his pay

KATE COULDN'T LET HERSELF DOWN, EVEN IF
SUPPORTING HER PRIDE COST ALL SHE HAD

CHESTER LINKATER came to Wells' Plains in the whaleback from Newcastle. He watched while the convict rowers unloaded his big trunk at the landing stage. He had come to watch, spec from ten guineas in his pocket and the clothes that he wore, the trunk contained all of his worldly wealth—his wardrobe.

Not that any would suspect that Lieutenant Peterson, in charge of the legal military detachment, did not; he made it his business to familiarize himself with the description of any new arrival at the little village at the headwaters of navigation up the Hunter River from Newcastle.

Nor did Ms Malley who watched from the door of her shanty as the newcomer stepped cautiously over the dusty earth from the stage. The sun glinted brilliantly on his high-topped boots. His tight, white breeches revealed the coiled muscles of his long, lean thighs, and a black cutaway coat, dark red lace collar, with silver-studded cuffs and turned back, completed the ensemble of the gentleman of the day.

Fleeter than such an elegant personage should seek accommodation at her house, Ms bobbed a series of awkward curtsies as she backed into the parlor. "An' what be you watchin' sir?" she asked.

Linkater's eyelids sheepishly closed that his eyes might have revealed he was the 1st woman with the coarse, round face was the shaggy-

keeper of Wells' Plains who—rumor in Newcastle had said—was the richest widow in the infant colony of New South Wales. The gifting most be rich and thick if Chester Linkater was to wed and bed with such a one.

But beggars could not be choosers! Linkater smiled smugly. "A comfortable bed, a good meal. I am not used to care for," he said, allowing just a hint of appreciation to his voice. "If everything appeals to me as does your good self, madam, I should do tolerably well in your house."

Experienced, had taught Katie Malley the value of flattery. She had won converts aplenty during three terms and had learned life in a hard school; yet she found trouble as supressing a twitch of her lips that would have betrayed a smile, she pouted to wipe away the impulsion.

"I don't know as I have a room," she said doubtfully.

Even as she said it, Ms knew that she would find room for him. He filled her eye. He was tall and lean, with high cheekbones, and a hawk nose over thin, straight lips. His chin was pointed and expressive. His grey eyes, between slitted lids and deeply recessed under shaggy brows, were engrossed. Ms read in them what she hoped was there.

It was a harsh face, big of the type that some women found attractive for its mastery—and even for its cruelty. Ms harbored a silent guess that she was not the first

woman to feel the fascination of it. He was about thirty-five, and Ms was fifteen years older; she told herself that she was a fool, but she decided to give him the best room. "Step into the parlor, an' I'll set the room is prepared for you, sir," she said.

"Thank you, and a bottle of your best port while I'm waiting," Linkater replied.

In the parlor, an elderly man seated near the window looked up from the paper he had been reading when Linkater entered. He rose rather stiffly and returned the newspaper's bow and self-introduction. "Timothy Corrigan, at your service," he said.

If sounding erest, Corrigan would have measured over six feet in height; but he was stooped at the shoulders. His thin, grey hair and beard suggested an age beyond his seventy years; but his eyes were disconcertingly penetrating. Corrigan spoke and acted like a gentleman, but his thoughts were crude and conservative. In cut, almost of ancient masters. He exhibited a chin that hovered uncertainly between gentility and the lower orders. Linkater hesitated a moment before offering a share in his bottle.

Linkater was disturbed about the man and mutually classified the stranger as a nondescript, retired solicitor. And he was right. Corrigan had been a Dublin lawyer before serving His Majesty in convict gangs for a minor part in a conspiracy in the lead of his birth—an abortive conspiracy, through betrayal by an informer.

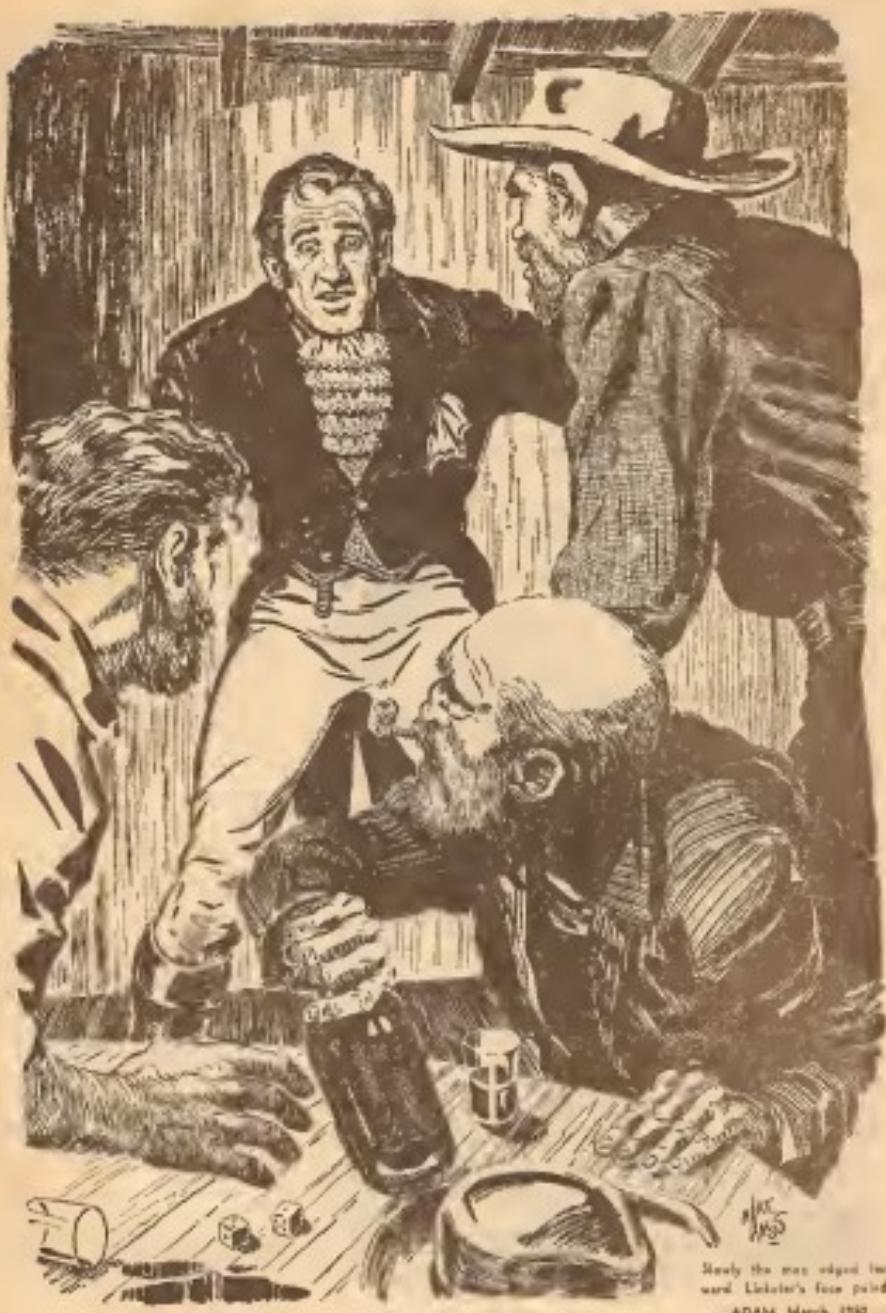
THE CORRIGAN occupied a unique position in Wells' Plains. He had neither the strength nor the ability for manual work that would earn him a living end, and when he obtained his ticket-of-leave, he could not obtain employment. Ms Malley, who never failed to give a helping hand to any ex-convict, created work for Corrigan, at the same time absolving herself for what she considered charity.

Kate Malley's wealth had grown with Wells' Plains, even in spite of her over-handicaps. In an interview, Ms owned a part of the land, and her financial backing or outright she had a substantial interest in most of the businesses. She did not know the extent of her wealth and interests until Tim Corrigan put her affairs in order. He had a deep sense of gratitude toward her and admired her. She trusted him.

Linkater took a chance. "I'm thinking of acquiring property

* By MERVYN ANDREWS





Stirly the man with the
bulbous nose painted
ADAM, March 1962 48

berabouin," he said tentatively.
"Perhaps you could advise."

Cornigan's long fingers stroked his beard meditatively. He had met men like Linklater before and had found little reason to trust them. "A plantation, or a farm perhaps?" he asked.

"No, village property. I believe the worthy Mrs. Mallay owns most of it."

"I believe she has some interests here," Cornigan said warily. "Understand that she is not in the market." I suggest that you inquire elsewhere."

Linklater sensed the other's reluctance to speak freely, and it compelled his sponsor of Cornigan's legal status, sounding a note of

warning that he was quick to heed. He went back to his room as soon as he was told that it was ready, and during the course of the day set out to discover what he could in confirmation of the rumor about Ma Mallay's wealth.

Linklater also went back to the shabby well-weathered with his inquiries; not only did Mr. Mallay own most of the village but several wealthy farms as well. More than that, he discovered that Cornigan was a ticket-of-leave man, he dimmed this as of no account in his scheme for things.

Ma's eyes lit up in surprise when Linklater came into the taproom that night. She sat on an upturned log at one end of the counter. A few

free settlers mingled with the ex-convicts who crowded into the shanty every night. Most of the men were grouped in front of one or other of the two serving women, whose progress of the village had compelled Ma to engage despite her prejudice against girls as bar girls. Linklater stopped to the vacant strip of bar in front of Ma and leaned elegantly against the counter.

"The taproom seem popular," he said dryly.

Ma rolled her eyes up at his face. His lips were slitted, his nose somewhat more hooked, and the nostrils pinched in... a hard of poor bearing over two unattractive gowns. Ma sighed heavily. The girls were young and pretty; she was fifty with a lot, course, fine. She made no comment, but his next words surprised her.

"I can't understand a man making a fool of himself over those scallion baby faces!" He turned his head toward her and his eyes opened slightly; she realized with a shock that there was frank admiration in them. "A buxom woman is my fancy, someone mature and level-headed."

He purred lowly. She knew that she was being a fool, but she could not resist the temptation. She let her eyelids flutter a slow smile trickled over her lip. "You'd not be finding the ladies bedecked," she sang softly.

Linklater reached out a hand and his long, sensitive fingers brushed a caress along the flesh forearm of the woman. His voice was low, "I've never met one who really interested me." He paused significantly "Before."

YEARS of stomach aches had immunised Kate Mallay against taproom flirtation, but she was flattered, though mildly aware that no man in his sober senses would give a second glance at her while two pretty and saucy waitresses served liquor; provocative smiles, and coy glances farther along the counter.

"Get along wid yer," she said, but her fat face wreathed in a pleased smile as she added, "An' I'm meanin' it. Me ain't no place for a georlak like yourself. Go to the parlor an' I'll be sendin' a wrench in wid a bottle of fine old port I have never' special."

"Bring it yourself." There was a hint of persuasive earnestness in his voice. "And do me the honor of sharing it with me, Mrs. Mallay."

It had been so long since Kate Mallay had been called anything but "Ma" that her formal title surprised her into gaping open-mouthed. She managed to say dubiously, "I should be lookin' after me taproom."

"The girls can manage for one night," he urged.

Ma hesitated for a moment only. She nodded agreement, her eyes sparkling, and she took not one bottle but two.

She withdrew most reluctantly from the parlor and Linklater's charming company when the quietness that descended on the taproom indicated that all of the customers had left.

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She found the room deserted, save for the girl, who were cleaning up, and for Tim Corrigan settled in his favorite corner, having an nightcap of Irish Whisky. Tim's eyes assessed her shrewdly as she entered, his lips quivered as he noted her flushed face and the dancing lights in her eyes.

"You find the gentleman enter-taining?" Tim said, with a queer twist in his mouth.

His voice jarred on Ma's nerves, pricking the bubble of her elation. She felt that she had made a fool of herself, and that Tim knew it. Heaviness flared in her, and, though it was more of herself than at home, she vented it on the old man.

"I'm standin' yer own business . . . an' I'll pay you more than you worth for that," she said tactfully. "I know how to run me own shanty best."

Corrigan looked at her with his eyes expressionless.

"No doubt you do, Ma," he said evenly. "And no doubt you will continue to do so as long as it is yours to you."

Ma bristled. "Why shouldn't it go on been mine to run?" she retorted harshly.

"That is for you to say," Corrigan said, very enigmatically. "Good night, Ma."

Tim tossed off the remainder of his whisky, rose from the bench and walked from the room without a backward glance. Ma stared after him, her eyes beliefful.

Corrigan never was much his pay. She was remunerating herself moderately, so he had best mind his tongue or he might find himself turned out in the road.

Yet Tim's words and his manner niggled at her. She had not quite understood what he had meant, but she refused to give him the satisfaction of asking for an explanation. She treated the old convict very kindly for several days.

LUMMELL sought his room that night thoroughly satisfied with his progress. He could almost persuade himself that the understandings which had bolstered him in Sydney Town were remarkably good fortune in disguise. At least, they had led him, via Newcastle, to Ma.

Chester Lankaster squirmed fidgetingly and could not deny that the fat, hard-faced shanty-keeper was a bitter pill to swallow.

Still, once he had married Ma, and her property had become his by law, he need not live with her.

Lankaster fancied himself as a man-of-the-world. He had suffered throughout with abominable luck at cards and expensive tastes. On two occasions he had replenished his fortunes by robbing. The second time — quite recently in Sydney Town — he had not wanted for his freedom or death or divorce of his English (and legal) wife.

He wondered, a little apprehensively, if those two wavers had met in Sydney Town. He had not yet quite recovered from the shock of a chance glimpse of his legal lad's landing from a vessel in Sydney Cove. His burned and secret flight to Newcastle had followed — secret through the number and value of the RCO's he had been forced to sign in

recent weeks must have compelled it in the end.

And at Newcastle, he had heard whispers of the wealth of Mr. Mallory. The world was wide, and passage no ships costly to obtain when one had control of the fortune of Mr. Mallory.

By the end of a fortnight, Katie Mallory was completely under the spell of her sentimentally charming host, had for moments of doubt and anxiety, of course, but he had always soothed away her fears. She had promised to marry him as soon as a minister came to Wallis Plains. And she was so elated that drinks were on the house for any who came to the shanty that night.

Next morning, with Lankaster out, Tim Corrigan asked Mr. Mallory to come to the parlor. He had a bundle

of documents and some ledgers on the table.

"There are all your deeds Ma," he told her in his most business-like tenor. "The grants to your land, titles of sale, agreements, and the like. There are your account books. You will find everything in order up to today."

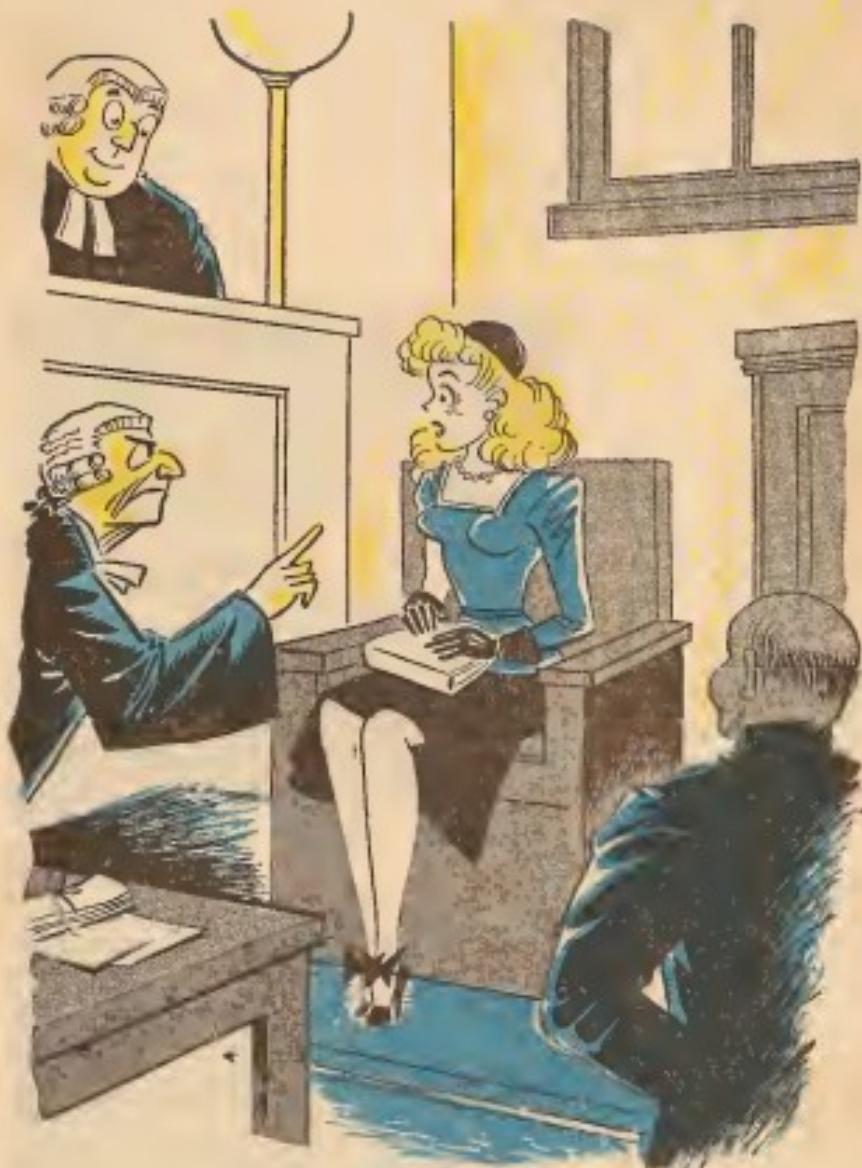
"What are yer reasons?" Tim's eyes asked, bewildered. "Me gittin' married again won't make any difference, I'll still be workin' and tend to my affairs just the same."

Corrigan coughed diffidently. "I doubt if Mr. Lightfoot will wish me to tend to his affairs and manage his properties," he said with significant emphasis.

The point was not lost completely.

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"Oh dear, I was hoping you wouldn't ask me that!"

on Ms Mallay. Her eyes opened wide; her fat lips gaped. In her earlier marriages—legal or bigamous—the bus had been concerned with property and property rights. Neither she nor any of her three prior husbands had had property wife which to be concerned, but now a burning fear welled up in her.

"His property?" she said in hushed tones.

"Yes, Ma," Corrigan said positively. "Immediately you marry him, all your property becomes his by law."

"Huh!" She stopped short, rather than express it. She felt Corrigan's cold, enigmatic eyes on her and found herself flushing.

Tim smiled thinly. "Unless it is secured to you by a marriage settlement," he told her.

A whining sigh of relief gushed from Ms Mallay. "Write it out, Tim," she said. "Chester don't want none of my property. He's got plenty of his own; he told me so."

"Then he won't mind signing a settlement," Corrigan said evenly. "Ask him, Ma; then I'll draw up a deed."

Ms asked Linklater that evening. Samshove, Linklater marveled to continual his disgusted surprise.

"Did you think I wouldn't protect you, Kate?" he said. "I'm settling some of mine on you. I've written to my lawyer in Hyderer Town to have the deed for us to sign when we go there for a trip after we're married."

Ms bemoaned her fatiguedness, but Tim Corrigan was not to easily convinced.

"Very generous of him, Ma," he said smoothly next morning. "He can't know that it must be signed before marriage. I've prepared one for you, get him to sign it."

Linklater was hurt . . . deeply, grievously hurt, indeed. His expression and voice showed it.

"Where there is no trust and faith, there is no love, Kate," he said wistfully. "If my word is not good enough, perhaps we'd better . . ."

He left the mansion in silence. Ms Mallay's face passed over in a grotesque imitation of a baby crying. It hurt her to realize that Linklater was marrying her for her money—and for her money only. But Ms had her pride.

"No, Chester, it's not I don't trust you." Suddenly she ripped the deed into shreds. "That's our Chester's deed! You taken your word. We marry when paren comes on the wheelchair tomorrow."

Linklater grunted thinly. It had been a close thing; Corrigan would get short shrift when the wedding was over.

Tim Corrigan watched Ms Mallay with sympathetic eyes while she told how "I gotta go through with him, the said half-affably, half-forlornly. If I pull out, all the boys'll say it's because I find out he only wants my money. I'll get me a man . . . an'

Load up evenly-

WRONG



RIGHT



WRONG



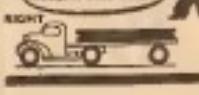
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no one need know the property isn't still mine."

Tim Corrigan read her thoughts and knew what motivated her, and knew that she was throwing away both herself and her property, but he didn't know what he could do.

There were various people about to whom he could talk but they meant nothing, and besides, you couldn't talk to anybody about a woman—except the woman herself, and she wouldn't listen. It was a grievous worry on Tim's shoulders.

"You know, Ma," he said, "you don't know much about Mr. Linklater—"

"Pshaw!" Ma's exclamation of disgust did not move Tim Corrigan.

"Well, it only stands to reason," he said.

"Reason? This is my reason!" Ma stamped her chest with her forefinger, over her heart. "Tim, weren't ye ever young? Didn't yer heart ever tell ye what to do? And was it ever wrong?" she asked.

Tim Corrigan could have answered that one, but preferred not to. He, too, had his pride.

"I'm not dispising' with yer heart, Ma," he said. "And I've no doubt that it's telling ye right. But what about Mr. Linklater's heart, Ma? Is that telling him right?"

Ma allowed Tim Corrigan a lot of privilege, but not this much. "Away with ye, Tim," she ordered. "Mr. Linklater is a gentleman who—"

"Who doesn't know the law, or doesn't care for it," Tim said.

"Ahh!" Ma fell back on her chair. She looked at Tim steadily and said, "Tim Corrigan, I do believe yer jealous!"

Tim shivered and turned away. There was a saying that if you convince a woman against her will she's of the same conviction still. You just couldn't teach a woman a thing.

Lieutenant Peterson was strolling past just then, and Tim nodded to him.

"A good day to you, Tim," said the detective.

"Ah," Tim said, "it's a good day for Wallis' Plains when a fine rich man like Mr. Linklater comes to join the community. We need him like—"

Peterson agreed, and the two stood and chatted for a minute or two.

When Tim Corrigan left the lieutenant he felt a little glow of satisfaction. He felt that, after all, something might be done. But in

the following days he did not argue so much with Mrs. Malloy.

CORRIGAN stroked his head; he knew that the wedding would not save Ma from the amours and the amours of her customers . . . just the same as nothing would save her property for her once the marriage was celebrated. No fool like an old fool, he thought. Well, it

was for Tim Corrigan to save this one and earn his pay.

At mid-afternoon, when the whaleboat was approaching the landing stage and the crowd fraternized with free drinks, Ma Malloy ripped off the collar for attention. She looked at Corrigan. Tim would see it through for her, she hoped.

Tim padded and walked forward, whisky glass in hand. It was time for a toast . . . and Ma wanted out to Linklater. Linklater's lips twisted as Corrigan raised his glass.

"Boys," Tim said. "It's time we drink a toast to the bridegroom. Ma thinks he's a fine man, and she doesn't know half about him that I do. She doesn't know Chester Linklater was a pamp."

"Pimp!" That word was fishing-talk to the men of Wallis' Plains. To them the pimp—the informer—was the lowest form of animal-life. Tim drove home his advantage. He grabbed an accusing finger at Linklater.

"There!" he shouted. "A pimp! The man who's lying tonight with Timothy Corrigan to Notary Hay throu—

A plump Ma Malloy's eyes sparkled loathing. A low, vicious snarl rasped from the men crowded in to the saloon.

Glowly the men edged forward.

Linklater's face paled to a dirty grey, his eyes flicked from side to side. He leaped for the side door as the yelping pack lurched forward. Lieutenant Peterson, at the head of a squad of redcoats, halted in front of the saloon.

"Your protection, Lieutenant!" Lieutenant squealed.

"I'll give that," the soldier reported grimly. "I've an order from Sydney Town to arrest you for buggery."

* * *

Ma Malloy turned back into the saloon as the barroom gate closed on the redcoats and their prisoner. She looked curiously at Corrigan.

"Why don't ye tell me before he's a pamp, Tim?" she asked reproachfully.

The crookedness at the corners of Corrigan's eyes wrinkled.

"I don't know that he is, Ma," he told her. "I reckoned some of the boys 'ud blame you for not marrying a pamp. I had to do something to earn my pay."

Ma Malloy rubbed her fat chin thoughtfully. "I'm thinkin' you've earned double pay from now on, Tim Corrigan," she said.

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